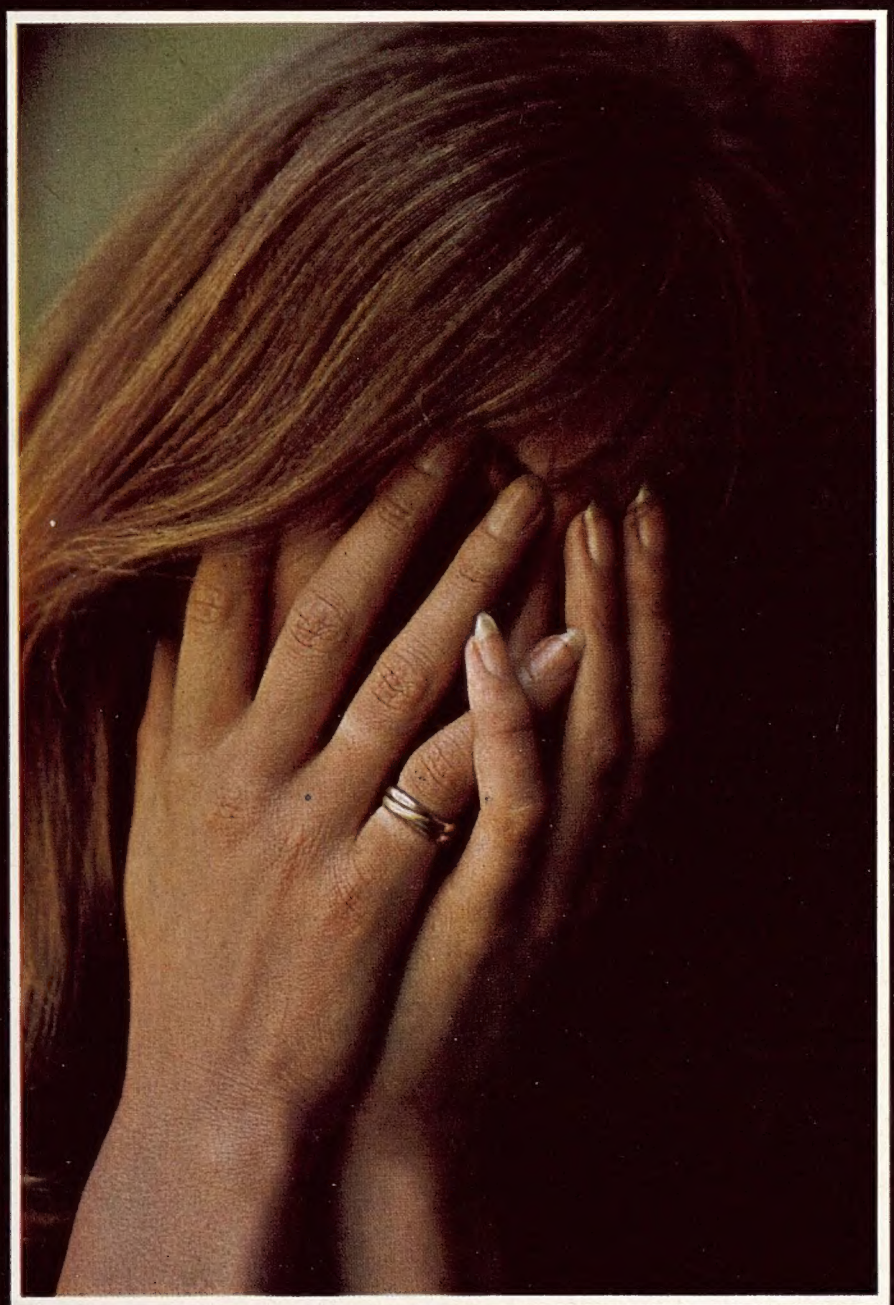
3 SEPTEMBER 1966 2s 6d

London life



Jean Shrimpton as you have never seen her before

'This film I'm making... I'm tired, very tired. Acting takes a lot out of you. More than modelling. I don't think I'll be a great actress. I may never make another film after this . . . we'll have to see. I am very touched everybody has such faith in me.'

I saw it in a flash... shook her by the wrist... said: What's this?

He'd spotted my fabulous Fixo-Flex watch bracelet, bless him. (Ouch! You're hurting me). Became quite jealous. (Oh, John, you are strong). The sweet little man at the shop said they were amazingly robust and flexible... but this is ridiculous! (Put me down). Took simply ages to choose—there was such a super selection. They're so distinctive, too. What a good job they make a range for men, as well. I'll just have to buy John one after this!

Fixo-Flex®

P.S. You don't have to wrestle to prove the superior qualities of a Fixo-Flex watch bracelet... your nearest jeweller or watchmaker will explain it all quite calmly. Cost? Surprisingly moderate.

LONDON LIFE

Editor Ian Howard. **Pictures Executive** Jeremy Banks. **Art Editor** Tony Page. **Production Editor** Patrick Brangwyn

INCORPORATING THE TATLER

September begins, there's a R in the month and that means oysters, for which, it is said, Julius Caesar crossed the Channel. London is enjoying the calm before the storm of events that plunge us through the autumn, and *London Life* looks at princesses and politicians, film stars and doctors, the sexual *mores* of the modern man and predictions for the Royal Ballet. The Farnborough Air Show and Exhibition begins on 5 September, and at Bromley, H G Wells's centenary is being celebrated; the City of London suddenly produces a flourish of lectures, exhibitions and walks to remind us all of the Great Fire of London; exhibition at the Guildhall; lecture (should appeal to children) at Caxton Hall, 1 September at 8 pm; walks, on Sunday at 3 pm (meet at the Monument); and on Wednesday at 6 pm (meet at Monument Station).

WHAT'S IN LONDON LIFE

Jean Shrimpton, photographed on our cover and inside by John Kelly, is just finishing making her first movie. How is she finding the transition from top model? Page 19

Lynn Seymour, until recently the Royal Ballet's most trendy ballerina, has left the company to go elsewhere. Other dancers have followed or are due to leave. Why? See page 6

Dr X is one of Britain's young hospital doctors, who feel that Britain is asking too much of them and giving them too little. The full facts about Dr X and his job – Page 15

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Make sure of your London Life every week-see page 54

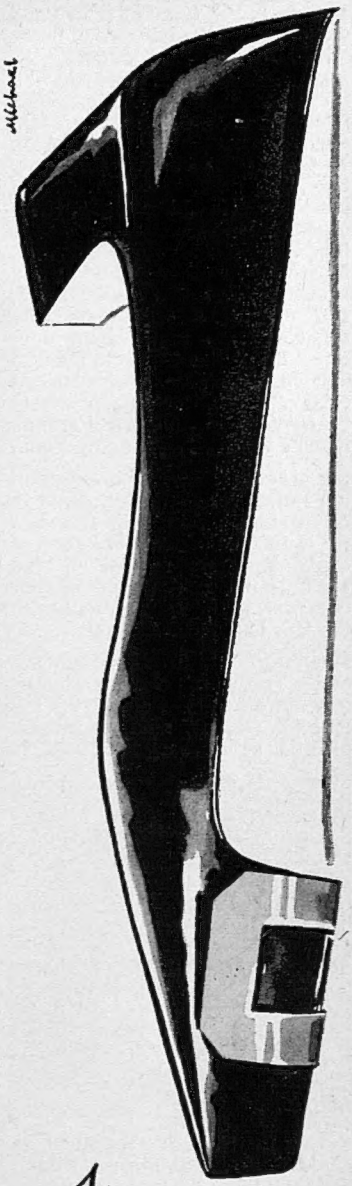
Cleopatra

This week The National Youth Theatre operates at the Scala as well as the Royal Court, opening there with a revival of last year's successful production of one of Shakespeare's most difficult plays *Antony and Cleopatra*. Cleopatra will again be played by the beautiful 20-year-old Helen Mirren and Octavius by Timothy Meats, but otherwise the play has been totally recast. This begins on 5 September.

On Thursday a new play by novelist John Bowen opens at the Hampstead Theatre Club, his own adaptation of his novel *After the Rain*. Described as "a story about the corruption of reason," it is about a group of survivors from a modern Flood. Alec McCowen leads the cast.

Stravinsky

Though London's major orchestras have announced splendid and, in some cases, spectacular plans for their autumn programmes, at the moment the Promenade Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall are the only major live concerts. Highlights of the week include Pierre Boulez conducting Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring* (Wednesday), and first performance of Boulez's *Eclat* on Friday. Next Tuesday Walter Susskind conducts Mahler's 10th Symphony.



It's "in" for Autumn 1966 – buckled, with that funny little heel — comes in black patent or white calf — name of shoe "Jackie"

Bally LONDON SHOE

NEW BOND STREET W1 · OLD BOND STREET W1
REGENT STREET W1 · SLOANE STREET SW1
KING'S ROAD SW3 · GOLDERS GREEN NW11
ALSO KING STREET MANCHESTER

INSIDE LONDON LIFE

Photographer David Bailey is moving out of London to live and work in Paris. Bailey, one of those "downtrodden East Enders," as *Newsweek* magazine put it, who helped improve London's image, is not enamoured by the present Government. "I've been thinking of leaving the country for some time," he says. "I'm not all that keen on Harold Wilson. The credit squeeze affects advertising, and advertising affects me. Most of my work is done in Paris anyway – I've got a studio there, and my wife's apartment. She organises me better than anyone." Bailey has just sold his first film – a 30-minute piece called *G G Passion*, starring Chrissie Shrimpton – to MGM. Perhaps now he will start a swinging Paris.

Sir James Pitman, inventor of the Initial Teaching Alphabet, is off to South Africa in October. He is to tour educational centres explaining the merits of his system – his second such tour this year. In the spring, he was in the US. Last year, Australia.

Kipchoge Keino is a modest miler. The young Kenyan athlete, fresh from his victory in the Empire Games mile race, explained at a reception held at

Grosvenor House: "This will be my last season as a miler. I don't honestly think I'm good enough – I'm too slow for the mile." Keino is the second fastest miler in the world.

Louis Brown is leaving the club business – to become an interior designer. "I've led a gay bachelor life for 10 years," he says, "and soon I'm getting out." Mr Brown owns nine night-clubs (his tenth is being built) from London to Bournemouth to France. He added: "Within four years I would have shed all the clubs and sold out completely. I want to get married and raise children and work at a job which is aesthetic."

Richard Todd has just paid £33,500 for the Grange, Bampton in Berkshire, a fine 17th- and 18th-century stone-built house. The previous owner was Major W B Scott, former Joint-Master of the Old Berkshire Hunt. Mr Todd, though, is sticking to acting.

Diane Cilento is writing a book while husband Sean Connery perpetuates the James Bond legend. Dubbed The Manipulators, *the book is about the happenings at film festivals.*

Beatle John Lennon starts rehearsing soon for his part as a soldier in Dick Lester's new comedy, *How I Won The War*. It means he has to get the regulation short-back-and-sides. How much has to come off depends, says Lester, "on when we first see him in uniform and cap."

Red-haired actress Mary Yeomans has returned from playing in Shakespeare in Malaysia and the Philippines with a theatre group sponsored by the British Council. Mary, who appears regularly as the receptionist

at the Harley Street surgery of Dr Roger Corder, played by Herbert Lom in ITV's *Human Jungle*, says: "We had to compete against huge flying jungle insects clattering their heavy wings against the footlights."

More of those So and So Lived Here . . . etc . . . plaques are being put up in London by the Greater London Council: to Walter Bagehot (1826-77), political economist, at 12 Upper Belgrave Street, Westminster; to Baron Friedrich von Hugel (1852-1925), the theologian, at 4 Holford Road, Camden; and to Albert Mansbridge (1876-1952), founder of the Workers' Educational Association.

Robin Parkhouse has designed a "small cheap" hovercraft; it will cost about £5,000. **Burl Ives** is on his way to Ireland to replace **Bing Crosby** in the latest Jules Verne film; **Bing** was forced to drop out through ill-health. **M Claude Tattinger,** head of the champagne firm, will chaperone twelve of the "blondest blondes" from Britain next month in a big promotion campaign. **Noel Woodall's** *Who's Who of Car Numbers* due to be published any moment, has been held up by the binders – it should be out in October. **Jean Prat,** once one of France's foremost rugby internationals, has prepared a powerful team to kick off the season against the 100-year-old Harlequin Club at Twickenham. **Admiral Sir Frederick Parham,** former Fourth Sea Lord, renews his vice-chairmanship of the British Waterways Board. **Brigadier Sir Ralph Rayner** has agreed to let light aircraft land on his estate at Ashcombe Tower near Dawlish for those who want to fly to race meetings at Haldon.

Mr Douglas Jay, President of the Board of Trade, will be gratified to learn that a Birmingham firm is shipping "hundreds of thousands" of brass balls to Africa; not for pawnbroking businesses, but as fittings for brass bedsteads. Apparently brass bedsteads represent dignity – a tradition left behind by colonial servants.

Painter Arturo Cavalli is having his third one-man exhibition in London at the Grosvenor Gallery this week until 24 September. It is called *The Innocent Eye Of Arturo Cavalli*. The 64-year-old Italian is described as a "sophisticated primitive." He was brought up an orphan and is entirely self-taught.

The St Marylebone Institute, who have been running a course in Esperanto for the past year, have had such success they are to add a further class next month.

Bernard Mills, son of the founder of the Bertram Mills circus – now owned by financier Maxwell Joseph – has been travelling around the world signing up acts for the final performance at Olympia in January. The circus is seeking a new London home after 46 years of being a part of the traditional Christmas scene.

Milkless milk is offered by a firm at Langley, Bucks – synthesised from non-animal products. It costs 2s 9d a can, which yields 1½ pints when diluted, and is, they say, perfectly acceptable as a drink, on cereals, or in your tea.

Delphine Seyrig dropped into London to film a comparatively small part in the Losey-Pinter film *Accident*. One of the most celebrated actresses of the French stage she is largely associated with modern, serious drama. "It is quite wonderful working with

Joseph Losey," she says, "I t[hink] he prefers to work with pe[ople] who know the *theatre*." [Mlle] Seyrig is a great admire[r] of Pinter, has acted in his play [in] Paris and is rehearsing anc[her] just now. Also in the film is [Mrs] Harold Pinter – Vivien Merc[hant].

The latest castle to appea[r] as background in a film is Chidc[k]-stone Castle, in Kent, the hon[e] of collector Mr Denys Bower. *The Ghost Goes Gear* is being [shot] there.

Julie Christie rushes bac[k] to work again this week after a [b]rief holiday. Julie is starring in Thomas Hardy's *Far From The Madding Crowd*, directed by her mentor John Schlesinger. She is spending several weeks on location in Dorset – Hardy country – with home-grown actors Peter Finch, Terence Stamp and Alan Bates. An all-British effort.

No longer can people take their dead budgerigars and cats to be stuffed and moth-proofed at Ferdinand Place, Chalk Farm. This address has been the home of one of London's oldest taxidermy businesses, run by Edward and Charles Gerrard. But now the firm which has been stuffing animals for more than a century is giving up this side of the business to concentrate on supplying animals' skins for rugs. They will start selling polar bear rugs from £500 each, tiger skins for £400. Their last stuffing job: mounting a bull's head for the Milk Marketing Board's Thames Ditton H Q.

A firm named Twinlocks who laid on an "Australian" Christmas dinner, plus an exhibition of their latest Christmas gifts, don't feel that this is too early to begin celebrations. One of their little gifts: a bank-note counting machine for millionaires.

A holiday snapshot —by Cecil Beaton

Other people's holiday photographs need not always be an after-dinner nuisance. In fact, some have a fascination that transcends their subjects. Here, for example, is one of Cecil Beaton's collection from his recent trip to East Africa, taken while he was visiting the National Game Reserve. Mr Beaton is now back in London supervising his latest stage designs, for the play *A Family and a Fortune*. Next week *London Life* will offer a collection from the cameras of other people who are whiling away the summer.

PROBLEMS—AS ROYAL BALLE

In a fortnight's time, the Royal Ballet will be leaving London for a six-week tour of Eastern Europe, taking in five capital cities. As foreign audiences are being enraptured by one of the world's greatest ballet companies, the image the company is leaving behind in its home country is one of apparent disquiet in its own ranks and of uncertainty among its public. The problems are here assessed by IAN WOODWARD

PERHAPS ballerina Nadia Nerina didn't quite realise what she was letting herself in for when she said recently: "Sir Frederick Ashton is a genius as a choreographer but he is by no means a born director. Since he took over in 1963 he has not only created far fewer works, but as a company we seem to be in a muddle. Freddie finds it hard to make decisions. The Royal Ballet is a great company and nothing distresses me more than watching its reputation in possible jeopardy."

The point had been made – and one great dancer may suffer for her frankness. It was only unfortunate, although inevitable, that it should have come at a time when the Royal Ballet appeared to be going through a tough time – when, apparently, it was not clear which way they were turning, artistically.

Kenneth MacMillan, previously the Royal Ballet's resident choreographer, has now gone to Germany, where he has taken up the post of director of ballet at the Deutsche Oper, Berlin. Following close on his heels went Lynn Seymour, one of the best dramatic dancers to emerge from the company in recent years; and now Vergie Derman has joined them. Judith Reyn has also left for Deutschland, this time to join John Cranko's company in Stuttgart. Anya Linden left earlier in the year, after having a baby, and hasn't returned, and there is talk that Ian Hamilton may soon be making a departure. Also going at the end of the year is Christopher Gable, and Nadia Nerina has now left the company to become a freelance dancer. Speculation at the moment is: Who's next?

Why does there appear to be a certain unrest in the Royal Ballet at the moment? Inevitably, for part of the answer at least, we need to go back to the latter end of 1963, when, for the first time in its 32 years of history, the Royal Ballet had a new director – Sir Frederick Ashton, until then, its chief choreographer. Before that time, of course, the company's very existence was lovingly shaped by its founder, Dame Ninette de Valois.

Creative genius

Doubts were then raised whether a man of such artistic and creative genius as Sir Frederick should be put in an almost wholly administrative slot, in dry dock, so to speak. Certain quarters are now saying that these fears are beginning to show foundation. Yet, at the same time, no evidence points to anything but the fact that Sir Frederick Ashton's leadership has been completely successful.

Whereas Dame Ninette had a natural, almost fanatical, flair for executive detail, Sir Fred has not. But I don't suppose Benjamin Britten has either; yet how ludicrous we would think it if he were to be put in charge of the running of the Covent Garden Opera Company. Who would write his operas for him? Precisely. So who's going to create the ballets for Sir Fred? Precisely. That, then, is the first curious muddle – a muddle starting, as most muddles do, right at the top.

What about Kenneth MacMillan? Ten years ago he put forward a suggestion for his now famous *Song of the Earth*, to Mahler music. The management thought this project too ambitious and turned it down point-blank. Many will argue that it was probably from that moment, his first taste of having his artistic thoughts quashed, that MacMillan began to feel that he and his views were perhaps a little too progressive for the company's policy as it then stood (consisting of a firm backbone of the classics).

Today, at 36, MacMillan is in the prime of his creativity, and can be listed among the greatest choreographers this country his ever produced. So naturally his loss to the Germans is no one's gain *but* the Germans. Naturally, too, there has been a lot of speculation as to whether MacMillan will be returning to the Royal Ballet.

Says Sir Frederick Ashton: "I hope he does come back. After all, he might not like it there. But you can't stop young people wanting to move around. There has been no row: everything has been completely amicable. People might be lured away after him, of course, but that's the sort of thing you can't help happening."

And lured they have been . . . and it seems to be a continuing story. Most likely to be missed is Lynn Seymour, undoubtedly the most inspired dancer the Royal Ballet has ever nestled under its swansdown. The fact is that she has not been getting the modern dramatic works in which she excels.

Shortly before she resigned from the Royal Ballet, she told me, "I think that the Mod-Rocker craze is one of the most virile, exciting things that has happened here for centuries. But ballet, the Royal Ballet, is today sadly neglecting the pop world. It's being blind to the terrific potentialities of this exciting medium."

Representative

But the first real signs of growing dissatisfaction, perhaps representative of many of the company's dancers, came out when she said: "For some time I have felt that there wasn't much future for me here. In the past I have been given wonderful opportunities – but not recently. Since last October, I have danced 15 times. That's less than one a week. In three years I have created only two new roles – the thing I love doing most."

the 'Fifty Five' restaurant
has just re-opened in JERMYN ST.
Everything's new except the food
(some things you can't improve)

Redesigned and refurnished throughout, the Fifty Five's open again—early for lunch, late for dinner. There are now two dance floors and two bands. She'll love it. Reservations: GRO 1168 & HYD 2011. 55 Jermyn Street, S.W.1.
(Another time, take her to the Boulevard Restaurant at 56 Wigmore Street. That's also being rebuilt—to open in mid-August).

VR
VYDRA RESTAURANTS

OES ON TOUR

Also to be missed will be Christopher Gable, who, at 26, is already one of the Royal Ballet's top male dancers. No one had any doubts that within a few years he would rank among the "greats" of international ballet. But when his contract expires at Christmas, he is leaving to become an actor.

How is the Royal Ballet taking this mass exodus? "So far as I'm concerned," Gable told me in his flat, not five minutes' walk from the Royal Ballet School at Hammersmith, "no one has actually said anything to me about leaving: this is the funny thing. I'm sure they don't believe me."

On the subject of the present uneasiness in the company, Christopher Gable has no illusions. "I've never yet met a satisfied dancer," he says. "The dancer is always critical of someone, if only of himself. If he feels dissatisfied with himself, then he tends to blame the surroundings. It's his safety valve, in a way.

"Then there is what is perhaps at the root of it all – that modern thinking is just not geared to a big State ballet company. The days when a dancer was satisfied at joining as a very humble member of the *corps de ballet*, spending several years in almost obscurity before being given a minor soloist role, and perhaps, if he's lucky, making some sort of name for himself in 10 or 15 years – well, those days are just a thing of the past, they no longer apply.

"Today dancers, as people in most forms of artistic enterprise, want it all to happen – and happen quickly. They want to be at the top by the time they're 23. Those people are naturally going to feel frustrated in a company like the Royal Ballet; and so they make an exit fairly fast."

Artistic frustration seems to be a key clue here. One well-known soloist, who preferred not to have her name mentioned, told me, "I think the trouble with the Royal Ballet is that you're just an insignificant mite in a large ocean; you almost feel delegated to the status of a number. It's so easy to be overlooked when good parts come along; and as the company has to plan its repertory so far ahead, you'll often find that one particular dancer is given a great many opportunities one after the other – and may then go for a couple of years without dancing a single new role."

Vergie Derman, now in Berlin with MacMillan and Seymour, said this to me just before she left: "The Royal Ballet has an awful habit of 'teasing' its dancers. They'll put a cast-list up on the rehearsal notice board, and you might find that your name's down for the third cast. You cover the part, and you eat your heart out waiting for the opportunity to dance the role; but it hardly ever comes."

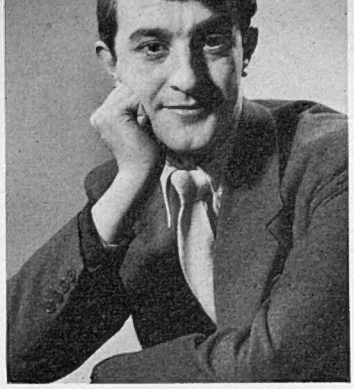
Judith Reyn, who's been snapped up by John Cranko in Stuttgart, was perhaps being rather reserved when she commented, "I simply want a new atmosphere, nothing more." What she found wrong with the present atmosphere wasn't too clear.

Resident ballerina

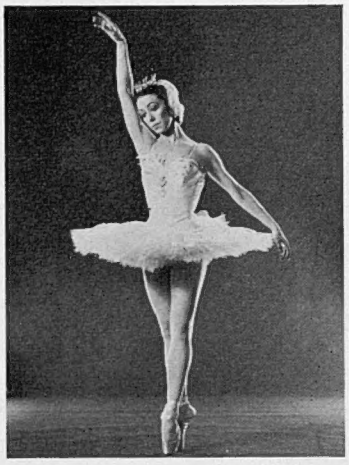
As for Nadia Nerina, 38, who initially brought the Royal Ballet's troubles to the public in no uncertain manner, she has left because she no longer wants to be subjected "to the continuous demands of being a resident ballerina."

What has Dame Ninette de Valois to say about all this? "We must remember that the Royal Ballet is no longer a promising family group," she says; "it's an internationally famous ballet company. So we must expect this sharing of talent with the world. Indeed, we wouldn't be a good company if our people weren't lured away. It's really a compliment."

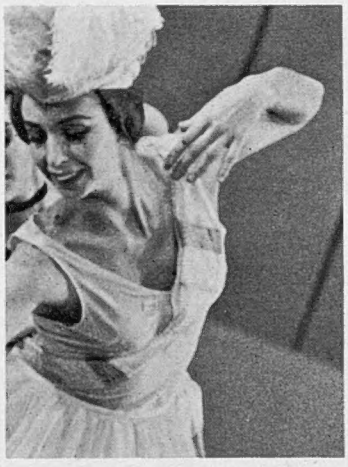
Is all this, in fact, nothing more than a sticky phase through which all large organisations must ultimately travel . . . or are there more deep-rooted, less obvious – or, indeed, blatantly obvious – reasons at the heart of it? No matter what, the Royal Ballet embarks on its Eastern European tour on the 18th of this month, and the flag-waving it does for Britain will be in the best tradition, as always. But it mustn't be allowed to crumble any more, otherwise there shortly won't be any flag to wave.



Kenneth MacMillan, previously resident choreographer . . . gone to Berlin.

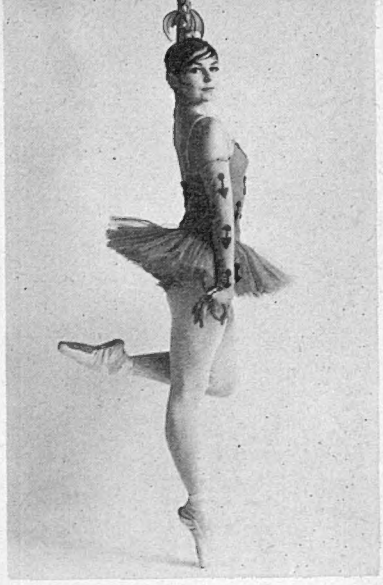


Nadia Nerina . . . has left to become a freelance dancer.

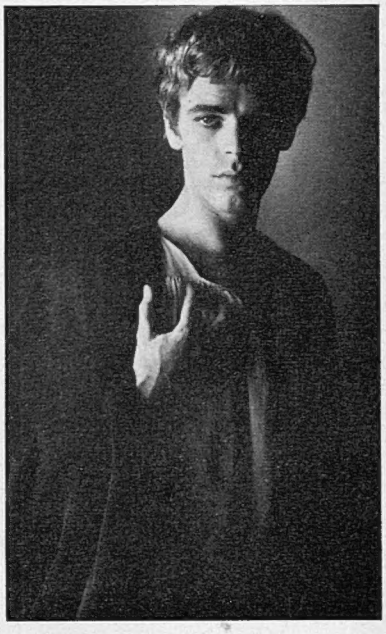


Vergie Derman . . . gone to Berlin.

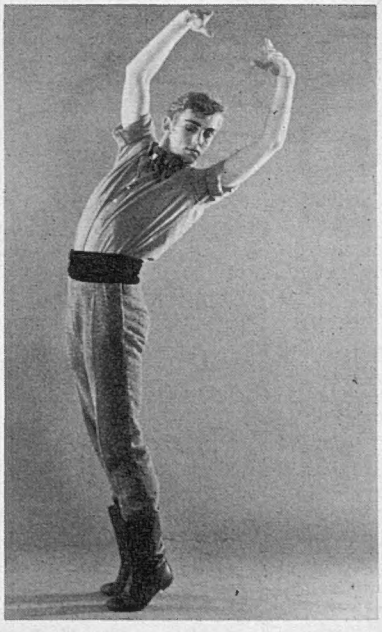
Anya Linden . . . left after having a baby.



Lynn Seymour . . . gone to Berlin.



Christopher Gable . . . will be leaving at Christmas.



Ian Hamilton . . . there is talk that he may soon be leaving.

JAM TOMORROW

London Life's weekly traffic service

Waterworks, resurfacing and cable-laying are affecting traffic south of the river this week. There are traffic delays along **York Road, Westminster Bridge Road** and **Addington Street** because of waterworks. Cable-laying in **Priory Lane,** SW15, between **Danebury Avenue** and **Bank Lane,** is causing diversion of southbound traffic. In the **Wandsworth Road** between **Nine Elms Lane** and **Union Grove,** resurfacing is creating traffic delays.

Railway bridge repairs have closed **St James's Road,** SE1, and all traffic is diverted. There are traffic delays along **Borough High Street** by London Bridge station, where a footbridge is being constructed. Two roads have been closed because of bridge reconstruction. They are **Tennison Road,** SE25, and **St John's Hill,** SW11. In both cases all traffic is diverted.

The GLC has a plan to ease conditions in congested **Putney High Street.** It is now being discussed with the Wandsworth Borough Council. The idea is to introduce two lanes for traffic going north, towards **Putney Bridge** in the morning and two lanes for traffic going south in the evening, with one lane only in the opposite direction.

At the junction with **Lower Richmond Road** at **Putney Bridge,** right-hand turns from **Lower Richmond Road, Lacy Road** and **Upper Richmond Road,** into the **High Street,** will be banned. At the same time, so parking will not be unduly restricted, one-way working will be adopted or revised in **Montserrat Road, Disraeli Road, Felsham Road** and **Bemish Road.**

An end is in sight for the severe traffic congestion at the junction of **Hammersmith Road** with **Blythe Road** and **North End Road.** At present the heavy traffic is seriously obstructed by vehicles turning to the right out of **Hammersmith Road** into **North End Road** and into **Blythe Road.**

ARRIVAL PLATFORM

Boss for Noonday Paperbacks

Richard Fisher has a sense of humour. It comes through in his resonant American speech. And he needs it. For his speciality is dealing with writers and their books. He has come to London to be managing director of a new paperback publishing company, Noonday Books Ltd, a subsidiary of Thomson Publications.

Born in Cleveland, Ohio, his drive and application will be channelled into producing paperbacks "for all possible markets."

Mr Fisher, 47, married with three daughters aged 16, 18 and 22, has a clear-cut formula in mind. "At the outset, we are interested in the mass market. By a year from now, I hope to add a list of serious non-fiction for the general public. And in about 18 months, I will add a list of children's books."

Noonday's price range will be from 2s 6d to 10s.

Furniture and filling stations

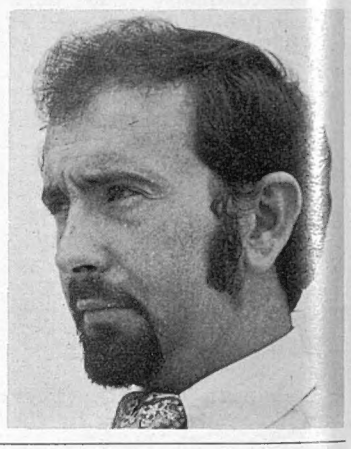
Welcome to Miss Melanie Kahane, American interior designer, whose work ranges from houses and salons to filling stations. She is one of America's top designers, and has been appointed a US "ambassadress" to the West End début of American furniture exhibited by Harrison and Gibson.

Miss Kahane, born in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, is married to NBC commentator Ben Grauer, is listed in the *Who's Who of American Women,* and has provocative views on colour and "age-group" furniture, particularly for the under-30s. She has designed fabrics, furniture, interiors of homes, offices, kitchens – even kitchen appliances and filling-stations.

Miss Kahane is visiting Britain as the guest of the United States Trade Centre.

This is the first time the US Government has invited an interior designer to represent them abroad.

Fleeing from the Canaries



In from the Canary Islands, Royston Ellis, 25, writer and one-time King of the Beatniks. A Londoner who has been trying to live down the notoriety of his TV appearance a few years back, when he expounded "with the arrogance and callowness of youth," what it was like living for kicks.

He fled to the sun, where, for three years, he says, "I've been writing and living off my wits." He is back in town for pre-publication talks on his latest – and tenth – book, *The Flesh Merchants.* "This," he says, with justifiable concern in his voice, "will mean I'll have to leave the Canaries for good. It's all about the beach boys in Las Palmas, and the Swedish and English girls and women who go there and buy them for the winter. The story is a send-up, though based on fact. There really is a thriving self-service sex market in the Canaries." Next destination: the Virgin Isles.

Jazz with an Indian accent

Stop-off in London, between the States and India, for 39-year-old Indian musician Hari Har Rao. Son of a musical family in Mangalore, he began playing the sitar as a hobby. He studied under Ravi Shankr, and "willingly or unwillingly, I became a professional."

He adds: "I got a Fulbright university scholarship to Los Angeles, and have been there for over three years. As part of my research into comparative study of Indian and Western musical sysetms, I decided to experiment with Indian ideas and techniques in American jazz.

"I founded a group called the Hindustani Jazz Sextet. Our speciality is playing in odd time measures like 7-4, 5-4, 11-4, 19-8. Despite some of the initial scepticism, many of our concerts really swung."

While in London, he has some TV and radio sessions lined up. The first is a BBC TV appearance on 7 September.

Tush and the cougar

It was rough going for English film stars Rita Tushingham and Oliver Reed when they filmed *The Trap*, the story of a tough, bearded Canadian trapper, Jean La Bete, and the unwilling servant-girl bride whom he buys for two bags of gold. Much of the film was shot in the mountains, rivers and forests of still untamed parts of British Columbia, and is a meaty, savagely gripping love-story with not a suspicion of fake about the action sequences. That really is a cougar with Rita Tushingham in the picture above. "We were all petrified," comments unit publicist Bob Herrington, "even though we had a Mountie with a high-powered telescopic rifle trained on the beast all the time." Tush escapes the cougar in the film, only for Reed to fall foul of a pack of wolves after he has caught his leg in one of his own traps. The "wolves" had, of course, to be big Alsatians made up to look like the real thing. Reed, who refused to use a stunt-man for any of the sequences, is shown fighting them in hand-to-hand combat. "And they were half-wild brutes," comments Herrington. "He really had to clobber a few of those animals."

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

HARRIET CAVENDISH, at present working as a guide at Holker Hall, her parents' family house in Lancashire, comes down to London next month to open a new restaurant which I believe will start a whole new cult in this city which has been looking for something new the whole year.

She is opening the restaurant in partnership with Michael Alexander, the adventurous leader of the Chelsea set before last, and it is going to be unlike all other London restaurants. It is going to be what Harriet Cavendish described to me as an "Anti-Restaurant." It is the beginning of the "Anti-Cult."

In an anti-restaurant, I am given to understand, there is no question of *haute cuisine.* The meal itself is comparatively unimportant. Everybody goes there with the principal aim of looking at and talking to everybody else. It has no name, practically no décor, no waiters or waitresses. For a set sum of around £1, you can help yourself to whatever food is going and a carafe of wine. You can then stay for as long as you like just seeing and being seen. The antis are on their way.

Don't think for one moment that all this is going to stop with one restaurant in Chelsea. It is going to permeate everything we do. The evening will begin in an anti-pub, and finish in the anti-discothèque. Here they will play the same record all night and everybody will be so busy looking at each other that no one will even notice. It has got limitless possibilities.

Diana Dors, once the explosive blonde of British show business, had a pretty explosive farewell dinner party at the Elizabethan room at the Gore Hotel last week. She leaves for a stay in Hollywood this week.

Robust

The Elizabethan banquets at the Gore Hotel are famous for their bawdy and robust atmosphere. This one was well up to standard. A fight broke out in the middle of dinner between their table and some of the other guests. Film star Samantha Eggar took quick action. She ushered all the women guests to one end of the room, while her husband, Tom Stern, tried to break up the warring parties.

The police were called, but by the time they arrived with a large Black Maria comparative peace had been restored. One of the guests told me: "It was all quite gentlemanly, really. Everybody shook hands over a glass of red wine. No one, however, returned to finish their dinner."

The Americans are hitting back against the British pop groups, boutiques, and hair salons mushrooming up in New York. Nothing in America ever stands still – not even their well-established dating systems, an essential and indestructible part of the American way of life.

Dating in American colleges now is seldom left to chance. It has been given the benefit of advanced technology. It is now carried out by computer and the system is coming to Britain.

Special questionnaire forms are distributed to college students asking them to fill in details of themselves and their interests. The questionnaires are completed by both men and women and the information fed into a computer. For a fee of around 15 dollars each applicant is given the name of four people of the opposite sex all of whom will be delighted to be his or her date for the evening, and all of them will have been chosen by the computer as ideal mates.

One of the partners in this American enterprise is about to launch the same thing in London. He is Michael Fore, the son of one of Britain's largest machine tool manufacturers. At the moment he is studying at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He ought to get a first-class honours degree for this.

Charles Aznavour, De Gaulle's answer to Sinatra, is far more kindly disposed towards London than his American counterpart. He has fallen in love with the London buses and has ordered a new one from London Transport in which he intends to make his French tours complete with his own orchestra and entourage. The bus will be delivered within the next few weeks.

Photogenic

The Soons are a new glamour team formed by Bill Watts. Always an optimist, he believes they will all soon be stars. I met the first of them, petite blonde Donna Reading, this week. She is 18 years old, wants to get rid of the Royal Family, but is a diehard Tory. She is now learning how to walk over again, and is one of the most photogenic girls I have ever met. If that "Soon" tag does not become "Now" then there is something wrong with out talent spotters.

The smallest opening in Oxford Street leads to the most exciting room in London

THE SCANDINAVIAN ROOM

Scandinavian furniture at direct-selling prices

GEES COURT—Here in the heart of London's West End in the last place you would look, yet less than a minute from Bond Street Tube Station, the Scandinavian Room of Bond Street has opened a new showroom. Five floors of fascinating furniture at direct-selling prices. Very high quality dining tables, barwaggons, bureaux, sideboards, chairs, wall units, convertible beds etc, by leading Danish Architects. An Aladdin's Cave of Scandinavian Treasures and exclusive space-saving designs.

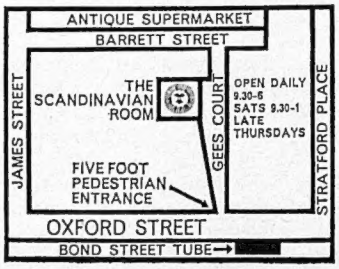
GEES COURT

A tiny old London Courtyard almost opposite Bond Street Tube Station. Pedestrians only from Oxford Street. Motorists via James Street and Barrett Street.

THE SCANDINAVIAN ROOM

Showroom:
Gees Court, London, W.1.

Head Office: 77 New Bond St., London, W.1. MAYfair 0863

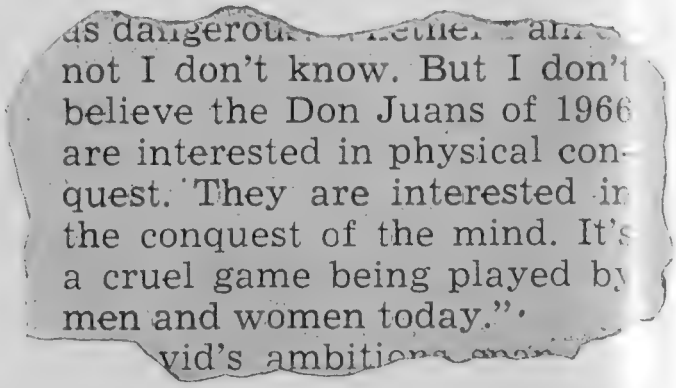


PARTY TIME WITH HARRISON MARKS

Photographer Harrison Marks held another of his lavish, pretty-girl-packed parties at his studio off Hatton Garden. Mr Marks, whose world of scantily-clad models is well known to cinema-goers, laid on a surfeit of drinks and turned his home into a discotheque. Left: The bare back of actress Debra DeLacy who appears in the latest James Bond film *Casino Royale*. Debra attracted more than enough male attention when she arrived in her revealing trouser outfit. Right: Industrialist's wife Mrs Janet Clarke gets a friendly hug. The party went on until the early hours, and among show business personalities was singer Joan Turner.

Well, is it really a

The quote reproduced on the right is what David Hemmings said in last week's *London Life*. It's a point of view on the battle of the sexes. It reflects an atmosphere in which many young Londoners today find themselves lost in a callous amatory jungle. Scalp-hunters of both sexes stalk each other in search of a transitory ego-boost.


as dangerou[illegible] I am
not I don't know. But I don't
believe the Don Juans of 1966
are interested in physical con-
quest. They are interested in
the conquest of the mind. It's
a cruel game being played by
men and women today."
vid's ambitio[illegible]

(From last week's London L[illegible])

Caught up in the hectic merry-go-round of new faces and places, where life moves fast and fame and fortune may come and depart overnight, sex becomes a part of the status game. Love is a four-letter word. The ideal is playing it cool. Casual and sophisticated hedonism is the fashion. But it's a fashion that often leads to detached malaise and disillusionment, as is indicated by some of the quotes on this page, reported by DOREEN KING

Painter Sara Leighton puts it strongly. "This is an exceptionally selfish era . . . a taking rather than giving era. I have just returned from a trip round the world and I find London is particularly decadent. There's a strange atmosphere over London. We must be at our nearest to the last days of the Roman Empire. There's too much easy living. Young people are terribly hard. They don't care. There's no worry about hurting people. What used to be the stiff-upper-lip idea is now playing it cool. But you can play yourself cool out of any relationship.

"Promiscuity is accepted. Popping into bed is a social gesture. And girls take the initiative so much more. It's a very charmless attitude."

Public relations man John Rowlands, who represents several pop groups, believes that the pace of life among London's young careerists encourages transitory relationships. "People are so busy trying to get as much out of life as possible and struggle ahead. They seize on anything that is good for the ego. Of course, one looks at a girl and speculates whether she does or doesn't. If a girl's wearing a very short dress it's an invitation.

"Of course, for many people it's a phase. You see lots of people who were in Chelsea doing mad things who have now settled down. Maybe it's an age thing. It seems to be with women. Once girls find the person they want, they seem to settle down."

Cyndy Bury, until recently Bunny Mother at the London Playboy Club, said: "Women in this country seem to be taking the fun out of sex. They don't seem to like being wooed and make it too easy. People take you out and pounce on you without preliminaries. Sex has become a status thing. The little dolly girls need the continual boost of somebody new to inflate their egos.

"Sex is such a done thing now that it has destroyed much of the glamour. Often a girl feels she has to go to bed with a man even if she doesn't really want to. Sometimes I feel depressed by what I see. It's the complete casualness today. Girls seem just as keen on so-called one-night stands as the men are. I hope for the return of the woman."

Louis Brown, who runs the Scotch of St James's and other clubs in London and Paris, sees the influence of the pop groups affecting the way young men and women behave. "Young boys set the scene nowadays and to them girls are just things. It's mainly the girls' fault – they throw themselves too quickly at the men. If a man is on the scene, they want to be with him. Girls have flung themselves at pop groups so much. Physical relationships are taken for granted. There's no seriousness; it's all surface. Nobody uses the word 'love.' It's the fashion not to show any feelings.

"English girls don't seem to like much attention or flattery. Most are frightened to get too deep into anything."

love jungle?

Architect and designer Digby Bridges remarked cheerfully: "I think it's great that women are allowed to do what they are today." Then he added thoughtfully: "But it's a bit too cool and casual. This country seems to be having the last orgy of a great empire. Women find it terribly hard to try and compete on a man's terms. I like girls being independent, but I don't believe they're quite used to this independence. Most people are so selfish and self-centred – I know, I am myself. Sexually, young people soon get bored."

An indictment of her own sex came from Bunny Walker, who runs a model agency. "When a woman is treated casually, badly or offhandedly, it's her own fault. Men are cynical and casual because girls give them reason to be.

"If you're dating, it's natural there's a sex relationship there. But among some people it's so taken for granted it's meaningless. It's like eating too much chocolate – you get sick of it. I blame the woman if sex is treated lightly because she sets the pace."

A candid description of today's young Londoners came from actor Ian Quarrier. "So many young people just like it," he said. "The pace of life is so fast and so much is going on, that it leads to a hardening of the mind and more pleasure-seeking. I'm a pleasure-seeker myself, not by choice but by circumstances. One wants to avoid emotional clichés. Some people are naturally cool, some naturally uncool.

"The losers are the people who aren't truly aware of what they are doing."

Novelist Brigid Brophy welcomes today's increased freedom. She said: "Sex is not taken as superstitiously as it was. And it's not taken with an eye on other people. I believe this leads to more responsible relationships. The increased freedom and independence of young women today is a good thing. Whether people are happier or not is beside the point. Freedom isn't meant to make one happier."

Brigid Brophy, incidentally, has advocated free love for young people, and she doesn't condemn promiscuity.

Another view on the increasing initiative taken by women came from boutique owner Sue Locke. She said: "There is more insincerity these days than there ever was. The theme is to play it cool. People are very wary of being emotionally involved, although physical relationships are a matter of course. But physical relationships mean much more to women than to men. There is a lot of callousness about but it may be the speed of life today.

"The situation seems to have reversed itself. Women chase much more than they used to. Maybe it's because most English girls have been on the Continent and enjoyed the flattery and flirtation of foreign men. At home they do the chasing themselves."

Photographer Eric Swayne says forthrightly: "The attitude towards sex now is rather sad. Men as well as women are easier, more casual. It's just like having a meal. People are looking to boost their own ego at the expense of someone else's. I think it's as much the fault of the men as the girls. But girls have accepted that the average man isn't looking for anything profound, so they aren't themselves now. It happens so rarely that you find a girl who isn't easy.

"I do believe too much freedom is bad for girls, psychologically. Even a man who's been around with a different girl every night, when he settles down he doesn't choose a girl who has been around a lot."

Film actress Suzanna Leigh welcomes the demise of hypocrisy but regrets the lack of romance today. "I suppose we're more honest today," she said. "But it was more fun when there was such a big build-up. Girls sleep around much more than they should do and some people don't think about it enough. It's really rather sad. People are too cynical these days. They believe love is corny. Everything is such a rush and it's a very selfish life at the moment. I blame the times. There are no more long engagements – or long marriages.

"I'm a terrible romantic myself and I love flowers, fun and all the rest. Today some people don't pay enough attention to the details of a relationship. It's a pity."

The most avant-garde view came from Terry Howerd, a director of Sibylla's. "Many people are chasing around thinking only of physical conquest," he said. "But I find there's a new *naïveté* about – a great new romantic streak. People have found rattling around is just empty. True love is most certainly coming back."

Marriage guidance and youth expert Rose Hacker also dismisses the apparent casualness of young people today as a pose. "I think playing it cool is just an attitude," she said. "They do want to be emotionally involved but they don't want to come right out and admit it.

"In my opinion, young people today are as idealistic as they ever were."

Angela

THIS is the age of *How old are you?* and *State date and place of birth*; the age of *Two-year-old Alsatian bites model, 23,* and *Brian Close, 35, skippers England to victory.* The age of *Funny, I thought she was over 40,* and *you'd never guess she was a grandmother, would you?* This is, in fact, the age of Age. We are obsessed with how old people are, or how young they are. Until we know how far someone has travelled (to coin a phrase that is pretty aged itself) along life's road, we don't know how to place them.

As soon as we know an MP is 48, for example, we can safely describe him as a Brilliant Rising Young Politician; but when, on the other hand, we hear an athlete is 28, we can knowingly place *him* as being over the brow of the hill, a strangely sinister phrase invented, I firmly believe, by certain BBC commentators.

The age one has reached acts as a sort of test of ability; for no very good reason, you're supposed to be responsible enough to drive a car when you're 17, wise enough to drink when you're 18, mature enough to marry without permission when you're 21, and clever enough to vote when you're 21. The Tory Party has recently put out a booklet (*Infancy and the Law,* 1s) suggesting that all these ages of consent be lowered; that you should be able to drive and drink when you're 16 (a rather unfortunate coincidence, I would have thought) and vote and marry at 20.

Ince

A natural

I don't think age has anything to do with ability; I think they've missed the point. Recently I met a 12-year-old who is a natural driver. He can (and has, on private roads) handle any sort of car; he can back a large Mercedes into a sliver of space that would make most adults think twice, and he knows as much about how the inside of a car works as most mechanics. I'd rather have him as a fellow driver than that 50-year-old fool in a Homburg hat and a family saloon who cut me up turning left into Regent's Park last week. (Not out of maliciousness, which would have been forgivable, but simply because he hadn't the faintest idea I was there.)

And if anyone thinks that a 12-year-old wouldn't be able to cope maturely with harassing and frustrating traffic conditions, I suggest they take a drive along the A30 at around six on a Sunday night, when they will instantly see that you don't have to be 12 to behave like a petulant child.

Just the other day I had a long lecture from a nine-year-old on why he would vote Conservative at the next election, given a chance (he thinks their foreign policy's sounder, if you want to know). Whether he was right or wrong, at least he has given some time and thought to the problem, and had a faint idea of the issues involved.

Churchill

I'd rather have him as a fellow-voter than that middle-aged woman (possibly apocryphal, but I can well believe it) who was alleged to have said before the first general election after the war: "Oh, I'm going to vote Labour. After all, Churchill won the war for us, and it's only fair to keep him in now there's peace."

I don't think anybody should be allowed to drink in public, drive a car, marry or vote, before they've passed some sort of intelligence test. Which means, presumably, that a lot of people would never get to do any of these things, and a jolly good thing, too.

A new type of advertisement is creeping into *The Times* Personal Column. Top people in search of secretaries are trying a different ploy. Gone, or going, is that old-fashioned "Wanted for responsible position in busy, interesting West End office. Luncheon vouchers and Saturdays" type ad. Taking its place is a gripping paragraph that reads like an excerpt out of Heartbreak House. It goes something like this: "My boss is frantic – I am leaving him to get married, and he doesn't know what he is going to do without me. If you can type at 30 words a minute, take dictation at 120, laugh at his jokes and remind him about his wife's birthday, why don't you come and take my place?"

Or, to quote two actual advertisements, "I have put my boss into an awful position – I am leaving him to go to another part of the country . . ." and "What shall I do? The Chairman has stolen my secretary. She is my right hand in the fast-moving office of a major publishing company. . . ."

I wonder how successful these advertisements are in actually pulling in the girls? If I were a secretary looking for a job I'd rather do without the dramatic agony and get down to some good old facts like holidays and money.

No signal

I was driving quietly and courteously along Wimpole Street last week, when a Jaguar pushed its way rudely in front of me and, after a couple of hundred yards, nipped into a parking-meter bay (without a signal). In its rear window it had one of the new political stickers which read "Ssh . . . it's time we got rid of – you know who," with a silhouette of pipe-smoking Harold Wilson.

Well, here's a message for sssh, you know which driver. If you're going to put political stickers in your rear window, why not try driving so that the person behind you isn't actually gibbering with rage? The net result of your sticker and your driving made me feel warmer towards sssh, you know who, than I have for weeks.

New on the London scene

The Pig & Whistle

THE MEWS PUB WITH A COUNTRY ATMOSPHERE

4 speciality bars and first class restaurant

Meet in the Stirrup Room, the Tack Room (where proprietary spirits are 2/2 a single and 4/- a double, per 6 out measure) or the exotic Spanish-Styled Cellar bar. For fine food and value, eat A la Carte in the Paddock Bar and Grill

Eat, drink and relax at the

PIG & WHISTLE Wilton Mews, London, SW1

Happy Returns.

Back again on the shelves of all the best tobacconists! Specially imported for smokers who like something a little better.

Philip Morris REGULAR 20 for 5/6

Marlboro LONG SIZE 20 for 5/-

The case of the young doctors

The man pictured on this and the following pages must be called Dr X; professional ethics prevent his real name being given. He is one of the 13,000 hospital junior staff in the country. Critics and sympathisers call men like him everything from "Health-Service-wreckers" to "the most shabbily treated men in medicine." For them, the pay-freeze has been a bitter pill to swallow. Why? *London Life* lived 48 hours with Dr X to discover the demands made on his dedication. KARIN HART reports overleaf; with more pictures by STEPHEN GOLDBLATT.

Do we really rate the value of this man at

Paperwork is part of Dr X's heavy programme. Secretaries are scarce on hospital wards, and the sisters are busy with patients' care.

DR X is 27 years old. He is a junior house officer in one of London's largest hospitals. These are his grievances: his working hours and his wages. They have a familiar ring, don't they? "His gripes sound just the same," you say, "as any longshoreman's or bricklayer's."

But are they?

Dr X is a graduate of Oxford University. He spent three years in clinical studies, qualified, and is now finishing his second six-month compulsory post as houseman in a surgical "firm" of a major London hospital.

He works what should be called a 160-hour week. His wages? £42 . . . that's take-home pay *per month*. And that's just about how often he *gets* home – once, or possibly twice, a month.

Dr X is married. His wife lives in a flat in Bromley. They have been married for over two years. Both of them would like children, but they can't afford them. There are a lot of things Dr X can't afford, thanks to the lack of either time or money – a car, an evening out, friends. Oddly enough, money is the lesser of the two problems, for two reasons: Dr X hardly has time to spend any in the first place. In the second, his wife earns £1,400 a year as a school teacher. Dr X considers himself fortunate in this respect; it is only *because* his wife works that they are able to afford a mortgage on a flat.

But Dr X hasn't seen much of that flat. Both his first and his second compulsory posts have required that he live in the hospital (this is a standard requirement for all junior staff posts in the first year). He has his own room in the hospital hostel and has all his meals

On his way off the ward for lunch, Dr X is brought back by a sister's phone call.

provided in the residents' mess – for which he must pay £115 a year.

How else is his money spent? Not on drinks in the pub with his friends. (He has lost touch with his friends; any time he does get off, he spends with his wife.) Not on new clothes – he has no occasion to wear them. ("I don't go anywhere, and have no time to shop.")

If time is the real element, how then does he fill his hours?

Let's begin at the beginning of an average day – assuming, of course, that the one before ended. ("It's infrequent, but sometimes it does go round the clock," he says.)

What is difficult to say is exactly *when* his day begins. The reason he is required to live in the hospital is that he is virtually on-call 24 hours a day for any patient on his ward. His senior officers and consultants are on duty at specified hours, but it is Dr X who is called out of bed if any patient under the care of his firm takes a turn for the worse. (There is no extra pay for these night hours – they are part-and-parcel of the compulsory post.)

To keep in touch with such emergencies, Dr X must carry a "bleep" – a small battery-powered alarm mechanism, about the size of a hand torch. "It can go even when you're in the bath," he remarks. "Officially, you have to answer within 10 minutes, wherever you are."

After a 9.15 breakfast, his routine programme begins with admissions of new patients and the preparation of case histories. He carries out whatever initial examinations and diagnoses are required, and checks on the patients already in his wards. All this material must be available for the reference of his senior officers when they come on duty at the hospital. For their information he prepares background material on each case. He decides whether patients scheduled for surgery that day are in fact fit for it. He carries out minor preliminary procedures like taking blood samples or ordering pre-medication.

Operations

Paperwork is the next part. There is little secretarial help, and the nursing sisters are involved with patients' care. Dr X himself must schedule operating theatres for the day, organise operating lists, arrange for anaesthetists for each operation, order laboratory investigations, and prepare the material which must be available to the consultant when he makes his rounds.

Later in the day he accompanies his senior officers – whether registrars or consultants – on the rounds of the ward. He must assist at every operation on a patient from his ward. His firm is scheduled for three days a week in the operating theatre, but patients frequently require emergency surgery on off-schedule days.

At all times, his activities on the ward are the responsibility of his superiors – in spirit if not in body. These activities are called "normal duty," but for two or three days a week his firm is on "full duty," the difference being that, in addition to his routine programme, he and his colleagues are responsible on a 24-hour basis for urgent admission of casualties and for emergency surgery.

When Dr X was asked about his outside interests, he was

Scrubbing up for emergency surgery, Dr X listens to his consultant's comments on the case.

embarrassed: "I don't really have time to do anything else. I just work."

Dr X is a man who used to do a lot of reading – not medical books. English literature. He was keen on calligraphy once, too, and used to go the rounds of museums. Now he says the only reading he does is when he gets an odd moment to look up a point that puzzled him on the ward.

Dr X's mother is a widow; she lives in Swansea. He has seen her only twice in the last year; he is awarded two weeks' holiday with each compulsory post. Officially, he is meant to have an evening off each week; to do this, all he has to do is ask another houseman to stand-in for him. But Dr X is the only houseman in his firm.

Dr X says that his particular senior officers are lenient, and understand the pressures and problems of the junior staff officer. Other housemen are not so fortunate; said one registrar: "It's no good count-

£9.16s for a working week of 160 hours?

ing hours if you want to get ahead in medicine."

And how does one get ahead in the hospital service? After two compulsory posts, many junior staff doctors find they must usually take additional posts to make a career – often they do additional six-month posts in gynaecology and obstetrics, regardless of their choice in a speciality. Ideally, they will manage to have another post lined up, beginning almost immediately at the end of their current one. "But in terms of time," says Dr X, "even this can be difficult. When can you go to apply?"

He's lucky

Dr X considers himself lucky in having been offered a post as senior house officer in the same hospital he's in now. He hopes to schedule a day or two off when his present post ends – then begin again. His next post will last about a year. The ideal future for someone like him would then consist of two or three years as a registrar, four years as a senior registrar, and finally a consultantship. By then, he would be 35.

Careerwise, what could the alternatives have been? "If medicine had proved impossible, I would have gone into the natural sciences. But medicine was it.

"There are several courses open – not just general practice. If I'd gone into that, I'd soon be looking for a part-

Routine check-ups of ward-patients is only one phase of an early morning's work.

nership, assistantship, or position as a trainee in an outside office. Then there are the drug firms, the Army, school health, Civil Service medicine.

"But there's not enough *medicine* in those for me. GPs these days are mainly the hospitals' protection from the public. Hospital work has the genuine medicine – and that's what I want."

Dr X thinks of himself as one of the lucky ones: "I'm in a superb hospital – the facilities for learning, training, observing can't be beaten. Compared with what else is around, my work load is light, too. There are many house officers who are far worse off – maybe they have children. Many hospitals require far longer stretches of full-duty."

Even so, weariness can be seen in his face – what he calls "just ordinary tiredness." It's the kind of ordinary tiredness that had him dozing off once in the midst of talking to a patient. Sometimes he finds himself asking a patient a routine question twice because he didn't hear the answer.

And what kind of rewards are there for this kind of service? There is always dedication and fulfilment, inspiration and satisfaction – intangible things that cannot be minimised. But how much satisfaction would a robot get?

The freeze

Until recently, there were to have been additional rewards in terms of wages. On the basis of recommendations made last spring by the Review Body on Doctors' and Dentists' Remuneration, the Government awarded hospital doctors wage increases that would have increased the income of a man like Dr X by almost £400 a year.

But it was a short-lived illusion. On 12 August came the pay freeze

Said a BMA official: "Some of these people are married, with families, and are buying their homes, and they regard this freeze as the latest insult from a Government which many now feel is not in sympathy with their case."

But in keeping with "lack of time" being the greater of the two problems, men like Dr X are less fearful that they will never see their pay award than that their work load will increase. As Dr Harvey-Smith, head of the Hospital Junior Staff's Group Council, explained, hospital services have been increasing steadily for years – a direct result of the modern developments in medicine which avail the profession of an increasing number of services with which to treat each case.

Doctors seem generally to feel that the Minister of Health, Mr Kenneth Robinson, is fighting on their behalf. Two weeks ago he warned hospital heads that "services may have to be cut, as junior staff is having to work too long and too hard."

But meanwhile, the BMA foresees a resignation issue,

Concentration in the operating theatre taxes his stamina for the rest of the day.

though it has officially asked doctors to accept the further sacrifice. The emigration-of-doctors statistics, which have seen a steady rise for years now, are destined to hit even higher peaks.

In Dr X's own sphere, the predecessor to his present registrar has emigrated to Canada. Commented one doctor thinking along the same lines: "If people won't listen after you talk for so many years, you've just got to start thinking about your wife and family." As a responsible body, the medical profession is naturally against any action which will endanger the health of patients. Yet factions like the Hospital Junior Staff's Action Group suggest less direct solutions – that members simply not take up further appointments when their current posts are terminated. The BMA reports that many young doctors have begun arrangements for appointments overseas since the pay-freeze was effected. For them it was the "last straw."

Who is killing the National Health Service?

Evasivenses

Some would have it that it is the medical profession who are starving it out. Others would say that it is the Prime Minister himself who has dealt it a "blow which may prove to have been the *coup de grâce*."

It should be remembered that there has been a long history of Government evasiveness in regard to the failings of the Health Service. As early as 1950, two years after the Service's initiation, the country was aware that the NHS was in the red. Until recent action, proposals for pay increases and limitations on work-loads have never been even near-realities – and now these late hopes are proving to be painfully elusive.

The fatigue of an average day's work begins to show as Dr X directs nursing sisters on an admission in the early morning hours.

It's two o'clock in the morning

In a hospital hostel-room in Greater London, a 27-year-old junior staff surgeon responds to an emergency call from his ward. Weariness and worry are part of his work. His hours are maximal, his pay almost minimal. At present, it seems that he and men like him may never, perhaps, see greater rewards for the dedication which drives them through the long and overloaded hours of each day . . . STEPHEN GOLDBLATT'S final picture sums up the case of the young doctors of Britain

It's two o'clock in the morning

in a hotel bedroom in Birmingham. Face in hands, the beautiful hair tangled, Jean Shrimpton shudderingly unwinds and reveals the strain of her transition from international top model to film star. She has never, perhaps, allowed so much of the real warm, human Shrimp to surface before . . .
Here is a fascinating report by MICHAEL VESTEY on her latest step to stardom, brilliantly photographed by JOHN KELLY and produced by JEREMY BANKS.

IT is 9.30 am in the banqueting hall of a Birmingham hotel. About 60 extras clad incongruously in evening dress, sit expectantly at rows of tables. Fierce studio lights blaze down, and grey eddies of cigarette smoke swirl above their heads. Suddenly, from the gloom beyond the light, a tall statuesque girl in a long, sparkling silver-white dress emerges. Pausing briefly to rationalise the tension she is creating, she walks coltishly across the room, her long barley-coloured hair tumbling around her shoulders. It is quiet, coughs are frozen, all eyes transfixed. She is acutely aware of her magnetism as with care and attempted poise she clutches her dress and sits. Smiling weakly, she nervously smooths her hair. The scene is complete – filming can begin. A great and incontrovertible star arriving on the film set, perhaps? No. It is Jean Shrimpton, 23-year-old model starting work in her first film. Here is a girl attracting attention normally reserved for a world-famous actress – yet she has never acted before.

As the cliché goes, it is her big chance. The film is called *Privilege*. It is a first for all the principals connected with it: leading actor Paul Jones; Jean Shrimpton and newcomers Mark London and Jeremy Child; Peter Watkins, whose controversial *War Game* documentary sent tremors from Wardour Street to Parliament Square, now directing his first feature film; John Heyman, producer; writer-novelist Norman Bogner who has written the screenplay.

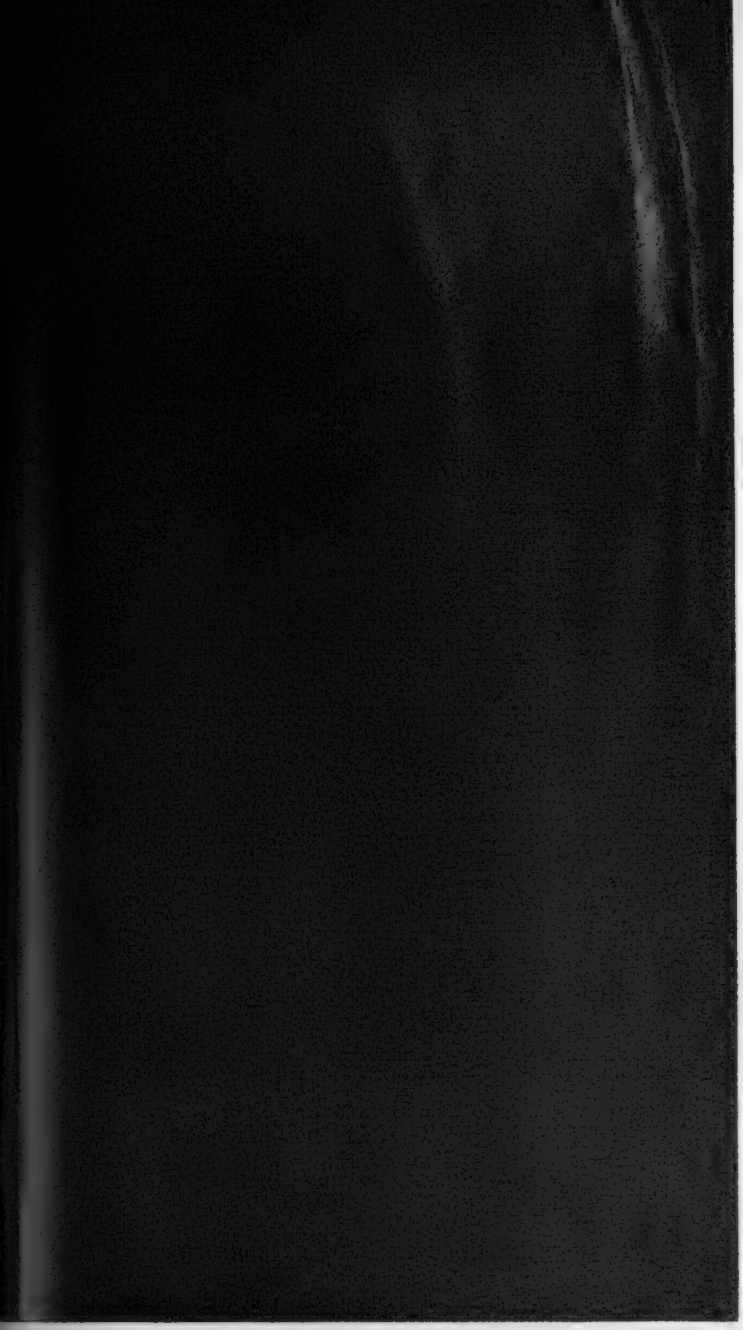
But without doubt, Jean Shrimpton's presence overshadows everything. It is really quite extraordinary that a girl's acting début can inspire the fanfare surrounding this film. It is continually being stressed that Paul Jones is the lead and not Jean Shrimpton. The pop singer's public relations man rang me to say: "There may be some confusion. Er, of course, you realise that Paul Jones heads the cast."

Exploiting

To those unaffected by the alarums it is appreciated that Shrimp's role is completely subordinate to that of Mr Jones. Jean herself says: "Remember, it is not a big part for me. That's how I want it to be. After all, I am still learning."

The film itself is unique in that it ends rather unhappily for Stephen Shorter, an idolised pop singer, played by Paul Jones. Shorter is manipulated by a host of so-called friends, managers, promoters and professional hangers-on; he is a pawn on a fast-moving, money-making pendulum, the very real-life and contemporary Who's Exploiting Who contest. If you think it sounds familiar, this is what Norman Bogner and Peter Watkins want. Their film is an attack, vaguely a satire, on the idolatry of a pop singer and its effect on modern youth.

It becomes savage when Shorter decides to step off his pendulum on the realisation – too late – that he is being used. He rejects vast expensive publicity campaigns involving Oxfam and the Church, and is consequently reviled and cast out. Watkins, Heyman and Bog-



'I never really hunted for publicity, it simply came. Quite frankly I think it ridiculous that a model gets so much attention'

ner want the film to cause a stir; they want everyone to see it; and they hope gleefully that many a pop promoter will feel such acute self-identification that he will want to be sick.

Privilege is likely to be a tremendous hit. Jean got the part after 30 other actresses, including Sarah Miles, had been considered. Her manager and confidante, Felice Gordon, who incidentally is Norman Bogner's wife, explained: "It all sounds very incestuous really. The idea for *Privilege* was suggested by Terence Stamp, Jean's boy-friend. John Heyman, one of my closest friends, got Universal interested. My husband wrote the script, and Peter Watkins picked Jean for the part.

"Peter knows Jean; he was sure he could turn her into a good actress. Anyway, he didn't want professionals - he works better with unknowns."

A lot of filming so far has been completed on location in Birmingham. The unit took over the Grand Hotel and, for one rainy August evening, the Birmingham City football ground.

Coddling

Watkins used the Wedgwood-blue banqueting room for several scenes. Extras, including many local people brought in from Birmingham, spent four days sitting around in evening dress clutching glasses of fake wine. One of these scenes portrays Steven Shorter finally renouncing his entourage and the whole seedy pop business. Throughout this Jean is supposed to look worried, and concerned for her boy-friend's safety.

As she came off the set to comb her lovely hair for the umpteenth time, I asked her: "You look so nervous and unhappy. Is it the filming?"

"Thanks very much," she replied. "Peter has been telling me I look too relaxed – I should look unhappy and worried. I've been trying to all morning. But I'm glad someone thinks I look realistic.

"Earlier on today, when everyone crowds round our table, shouting and waving fists at Paul Jones, Peter wanted me to appear frightened. I was trying my best when suddenly a photographer's camera crashed on to my plates. I was so terrified I leapt into the air – I thought Peter was throwing things at me to produce a reaction."

As with most films, there is a lot of waiting about while the director issues instructions, and organises cameras, actors and the unit. With *Privilege* Jean sat for hours beneath the hot lighting, often chatting with Jeremy Child, who plays the pop singer's manager.

At times, she spent infinite care in coddling her beautifully wild hair, and inspecting her make-up in a thoughtfully provided mirror. Then she would tug clumsily at the plunging neck-line of her awkward dress. Rushing off the set during a break she told Felice Gordon: "My dress is much too low, I've been fiddling with it all day. I'm showing too much." Felice, like a mother, leaned forward and solved the problem; and Jean hurried back to the set.

Later that evening, in her hotel room, Jean talked about her first real day of filming. She was surprisingly frank,

and incredibly modest. For instance, when I asked: "Can you act?" she replied: "I doubt if I could ever act."

She added: "But I'm not being required to become a great actress. This part is ideal, because I can feel for the character without working too hard. I know I couldn't play a difficult part. I may never make another film after this. If the film fails, it might deter me from going on; we shall have to see."

Jean was obviously tired; but her conversation was fresh and vital. Her huge and startlingly sky-blue eyes, sensitive mouth and curving snub nose combined in youthful duality with what she had to say. It is easy to understand why she commands such fame, awe and respect in modelling – her face is pulsatingly contemporary and of the moment.

"I am glad Peter has managed to get non-professionals and unknowns in this film. If I had to make my acting début with some really top actors I might hold them up," she says.

She respects and admires Watkins for his brilliant *War Game* documentary. "Seeing that gave me confidence in the director – I felt I would like to work with him. It is very wise to be guided by the director. I must say, though, I was worried when I saw the filming going on. And I thought: 'Can I do it?' I know I will. My only problem at the moment is my voice. You see, it is not trained. There are certain aspects of it I will have to watch."

A difficulty she has surmounted is the problem of being completely natural on the set – an ability Peter Watkins usually brings out in young actors and actresses. "I would prefer to be more of a natural actress than a film star. I don't like stylised actresses. Sophia Loren is marvellous when she plays a Sicilian woman of the land, but I dislike her in other parts.

Listening

"Quite frankly, I haven't got star quality. This is what I think." Watkins, however, disagrees: he is convinced Jean could develop into a great actress, and he is sure she possesses that indefinable star quality.

It is as well for her that Felice Gordon is constantly by her side. "I'm always listening to advice – but not always taking it," says Jean. "I have very few real friends; my circle is very close. I'm much too easily influenced and led. I can be swayed, too. I don't like exerting pressure or telling people to go away. But filming, I have discovered, is extremely pressurised. I could get very Bolshy with people soon. Already I am telling people to leave me alone.

"I can understand Frank Sinatra getting upset over publicity – he never gets any peace. I never really hunted for publicity, it simply came. Newspapers got on to me. And I was lucky – I came in at the right time. Quite frankly, I think it ridiculous that a model gets so much attention."

She has found that people are disappointed sometimes when they see her in the flesh. "When they see you walking in the street, casually dressed, without special lighting, you somehow don't come up to their expectations."

This I find hard to believe:

'When I get married I shall continue to work. You cannot give up everything'

if there is a top 50 most beautiful girls in the world, Jean must surely rank among them.

Is she afraid of degenerating into something like Julie Christie's portrayal in *Darling*? "It could never happen to me. I had an easy middle-class upbringing. Although, I should imagine with some girls it could happen.

"I like security, lasting relationships; I haven't had many boy friends – I suppose I'm faithful by nature. When I'm involved I'm not interested in other men – I love to be dominated. And I can't bear rows – I give in and become passive. Do I want to get married? Of course, yes. But when I do I shall continue to work. You cannot give up everything."

She had to stop talking; Felice reminded her that they should go to a film in Birmingham before the cinema doors closed. Unfortunately, they returned later complaining either Jean or Felice had seen the picture before. So Jean got an early night.

Meanwhile, the industrious Peter Watkins was poring over Norman Bogner's brilliant script. Over dinner, Watkins told me: "Jean Shrimpton and Paul Jones have tremendous raw talent; they have the ability to act naturally, they are flexible – qualities many well-known and experienced actors do not have. I don't think they are actors in the corny sense, any more than I am a director in the corny sense."

Watkins, a lithe, active, unsmiling man with brown, curly hair, added: "If they fail in this film it will be entirely my fault, not theirs. The talent is there. If the film is a flop I will be responsible for not bringing it out.

"I offered Jean the part, but she would not say 'yes' until I had auditioned her thoroughly. Although she likes the part, she wanted to be absolutely sure of herself. Having seen the screen tests, I am convinced she will make a great actress. Whatever she may say, she has got star quality – she is being very modest."

Watkins began warming up over his steak. Three weeks of hard work and little sleep had caught up on him. Normally a fast-talking man, he seemed exhausted, and even dozed off during a show of rushes that evening.

Bottom end

"Do you know," he said. "Some of the most experienced actors get so terribly nervous before going on, and even in front of cameras. Not Jean or Paul. They behave normally and this is what I want.

"I've been accused of using Jean as a gimmick. What nonsense! She is perfect for the part in many ways. It is too much of a gamble to use gimmicks in this case. Although it is her first film she is very well known.

"Where is the trick in using someone with a name? I could have chosen other actresses, but I thought Jean fitted the part better than anyone. Anyway, I wanted someone new whom I could make feel for the character."

Watkins is one of these bright, young people (he is 30) who cuts through waffle and extraneous matter to reach his point and objective. He hopes to encourage new people into the cinema, feeling that there are too many middle-aged film-makers about. "Britain probably has more older directors in the film industry than any other country, including America. Filming is regarded the bottom end of the Arts –

this is wrong. I should like to see training schools set up – even the BBC no longer encourages amateur film-makers."

He also believes that actors and directors are "grossly over-paid." He said fiercely: "I'm happy with £10,000 a film – but some directors get as much as £40,000. Ridiculous. What have they done to earn that?

"I suppose Jean will receive about £3,000 to £5,000 for her performance in *Privilege*, and the same for Paul Jones. That is all right. Someone like Julie Christie, though, can get as much as £20,000 for a film. Myself? Oh, I'd say about £3,000 if it does well.

"If I were offered £30,000 to make a film, I would turn it down, or accept only £10,000. They're not ideals, but simply that I think I would be over-paid. It wouldn't be right to accept more."

He also paid Universal a compliment by saying that they were leaving the production completely to those concerned – "the company is hardly interfering at all," he added happily. A good sign for *Privilege*, which is costing £300,000 for eight weeks, filming in colour.

When I finally met producer John Heyman and author Norman Bogner I was immediately impressed by their sincerity; they and Watkins form an idealistic and genuine trio.

Heyman talking on the story's theme: "Terence Stamp and I were walking along one day discussing the major luminaries of the pop world when he said: 'What about making a film of a pop singer who thought he was Jesus Christ?' I replied that I thought they all do. We talked about it further and decided it was time the rotten world of pop was exposed."

Heyman, who is 33, ordered a script; after turning down two he accepted Norman Bogner's. Bogner, a slim, black-haired pleasant 30-year-old American, felt as strongly about the pop racket as Heyman. The script fairly throbbed with all the ingredients of the unscrupulous use of power.

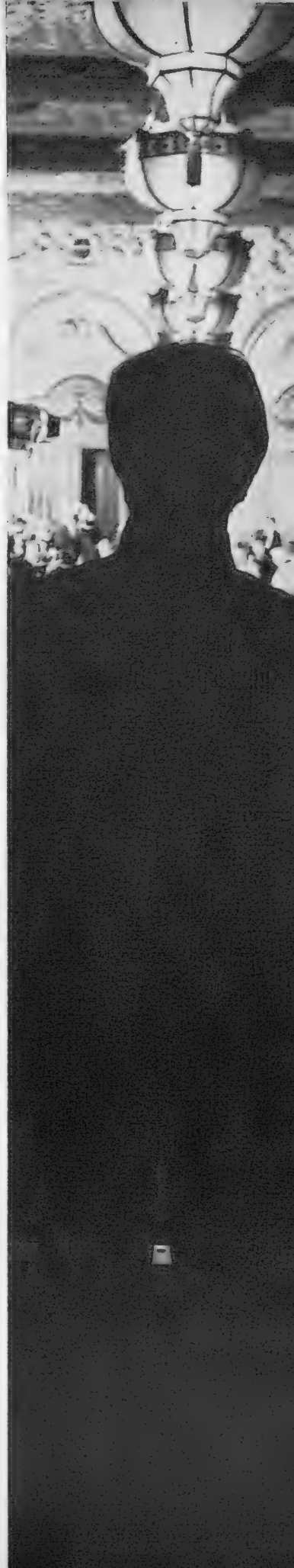
"It is," says Heyman, "a very sociological film. It tells of kids – both fans and singers – being exploited. These awful phenomena on television who mouth rather than sing, singers who have virtually no talent, yet make vast fortunes. At no time in contemporary history have so many untalented people been making so much money. In this film we have shown the Church joining in. They are getting involved in the pop world to achieve their own popularity. The amazing thing is what is in the script has come true – did we not see Cliff Richard preaching with Billy Graham? Have not the Beatles compared themselves with Jesus Christ?"

Bogner interrupted: "it's terrifyingly true. These things are happening." Heyman added: "In 1966 we worship footballers, pop singers and dress designers."

Unsophisticated

Bogner retorted: "Church-going is declining. It is reckoned that by 1990 the only people left in church will be the 130,000 clergymen – these figures come from a Gallup poll commissioned by ATV. When you think that the Beatles were watched by 65,000 people at the Shea Stadium, and you couldn't get

Incidentally, the star of the film is Paul Jones. Here he is waiting for his camera cue.



that many people into all the New York churches put together, it makes you furious.

"Kids these days have big money; they are unsophistic and unknowledgeable – and they get comparable entertainment. This film attacks the people who promote this cheap entertainment – the managers and hangers-on who take their 10, 25 and 50 per cent."

Norman Bogner visited many pop concerts to gauge the effect on modern teenagers that the shows had. Says Heyman: "Kids were incited to seat-wetting, erotic excitement." And Bogner: "It was horrible. They were mopping up after the crowds had gone. The pop business is the height of the exploitation of lesser artists on an age group which is virtually defenceless."

He added bitingly: "Who gives a damn what John Lennon says? Who cares what a puffed-up pop singer has to say on religion and politics? But people actually swallow it. I mean, who does Lennon think he is? What is he for that matter? But if you look at his fan total you will see the impact his remarks can have.

"Intelligent people really aren't interested in what Lennon thinks; but, goodness me, how symptomatic of the pop business and modern teenagers this is. If there is any similarity between Steven Shorter and any well-known pop singer in this film it will be purely coincidental. Things have a habit of coming true."

Which is why they want censor John Trevelyan to stamp the film with an A certificate and not an X. It is hoped teenagers will see it – and they must – and judge it for themselves. So far Trevelyan has written to Heyman eulogising the film's theme. Apart from a few minor deletions, he, too, is hoping it will be an A.

"Trevelyan is being super about it," says Heyman. "Everybody in the business thinks highly of him as a censor. He thinks it is an important film, and should be made."

Of the stars in the film, Heyman thinks Paul Jones will be an "enormous success." The same applies, he thinks, to Jean Shrimpton. "Paul can act, he has an exhilarating personality, and he is not representative of the modern pop singer – he is intelligent.

"Jean *has* got star quality, whatever she may think. They were both tested arduously. We found Jean better than the 31 other people we considered. I am fantastically impressed with both of them. And it is nonsense to say they will never make another picture. They will become famous in their own right. Jean certainly will – she can act."

Despite the seriousness of the film, it will be funny. It is meant as both a harsh look at an industry *and* as a comedy. As Bogner says: "If people don't laugh I'll cut my throat."

On the second day at the hotel, Jean Shrimpton spoke her first words – three lines, one of which was "No." She came bouncing off the set and told actors Jeremy Child and Max Bacon: "Well, I've got that over with – the second line went better than the first. I won't have to open my mouth.

Watkins, who had earlier expressed doubts about Jean's untrained voice, seemed satisfied.

Jean herself had the final perspective-setting word. "Please don't forget to say that my part is a small one, that I am very new, and that *Privilege* is being made by a fine team. It isn't just me, you know."

THE BLAND EDWARDIAN SPEAKS OUT

The armchair, the pipe at hand, the litter of papers, the table of small familiar objects – a Prime Minister in retirement (pictured on the page opposite). Though three years ago the *Daily Mirror* felt able to report: "Mr Macmillan will not write his memoirs because, with genuine modesty, he does not believe he can write well enough." The first volume of his memoirs will appear on 5 September: by Macmillan, about Macmillan, published by Macmillan.

IN a way, too much has already been said about Macmillan. He has alternately been scorned and admired, debased and deified. Great men have become his apologists, and great men have made him the symbol of England's ruin. Bertrand Russell once called him "much more wicked than Hitler." and Viscount Blakenham described him as "the most courageous man of our time." It is probable, therefore, that Macmillan, at heart the most retiring and genuine of men, felt that some kind of personal explanation of his own acts, great and small, was needed. But he himself stresses that he is not seeking to justify or vindicate his life. "It is not an apologia," he says.

True nature

It is more a desire to lay himself bare to the people whose destiny he commanded for seven years as their Prime Minister. Because among all the thousands of words which have been written about him, few have revealed his true nature. Historians, biographers and journalists have merely contributed to an overall image, as insufficient as it is artificial. He became the cartoonist's gift and acquired a collection of nicknames ranging from the Press "Supermac" to Oxford's "Haroldus." In his book, *On my Level,* Sir George Mallaby summarises this empty view: "Frequent and fruitful television appearances made Mr Macmillan a very well-known figure. The drooping eye, the thick moustache, the bared teeth, the measured tones, the deviations back and forth from jollity to gravity, the genial bland Edwardian."

It never seemed to occur to the general public that Macmillan might be leading two lives. To most of the public he was the slightly archaic eccentric, the survivor from a lost race of politicians. He sometimes seemed out of touch with present realities. But this was a convenient front. Dame Rebecca West once remarked on *Panorama:* "Mr Macmillan is far from being a square. But he is always giving an imitation of a square. He has the perfect sense of timing which is the essence of good story-telling, or of good acting."

But from a cartoon to a scapegoat the transition is swift. Macmillan weathered crisis after crisis. The demands for his resignation grew louder, and yet his expression hardly seemed to change. He was a nice, easy figure to blame for the country's troubles. A Conservative back-bencher said at the beginning of 1962: "The major burden of responsibility for failure must rest upon the shoulders of the Prime Minister." Macmillan rarely showed his emotions, and in the end this insistence upon inscrutability played against him.

That image

The "bland Edwardian" was often accused of concealing not only his own feelings, but also the workings of his Government. ("There has never been a time when it has been more important that our people should understand what the Government is trying to do and why it is trying to do it," said Sir Harry Legge-Bourke in 1962. "I am afraid, however, that the present Government has failed to satisfy those demands.") The image which initially helped to give him stature ultimately reverted against him.

One person who contributed to the formation of the Supermac image was – perhaps predictably – his barber. Henry, of Topper's in Old Bond Street, was responsible for the emergence of the famous moustache. "I'd been cutting his hair for years, but he never let me touch his moustache," he recalls. "He had a huge, walrus-type one. When he became PM I just knew it had to go. So when I was cutting his hair at Number 10 one day, I took the scissors and just lopped one side off. He jumped up, and my heart sank. But he looked in the mirror, and said 'Mm, that's better.' " There is a story that one of Mac's Ministers said to him after the election, "You didn't win the election: your blooming barber did."

Henry has very definite ideas about the reasons for Macmillan's plunge into autobiography. "Basically, Harold regards himself as very unimportant. But he came to feel that a Prime Minister owes it to the public to explain his actions. Also there came a time when he had nothing else to do, after his illness."

The death of Lady Dorothy has inevitably left a great void in Mr Macmillan's life. Henry said: "I still see him regularly, but he's very hard hit, and more withdrawn." There was a time when Macmillan said: "What I really like to do is go off with Dorothy in the car alone to Scotland. When the hedges cease there is real freedom."

Only on rare moments such as these, when the cares of State were temporarily relegated to the background, could Macmillan drop his guard and act naturally. Now that this precious family haven has been removed, Mac the unflappable has only his memories to keep him company, and his Memoirs to occupy his thoughts.

In the country

Lord Boothby, who has always spoken warmly of Macmillan, told me: "We were contemporaries. I have not seen him since his wife's death. He's buried in the country now." And Henry says, "That man has been hurt deep down, and he does not want to show it in public."

The first volume of Mr Macmillan's Memoirs, *The Winds of Change* – which has already been serialised in the *Sunday Times* – has turned this isolation into fruit. He once said: "Nothing a Cabinet Minister can say can do very much good. Almost everything he says can do a great deal of harm." However, as far as he personally is concerned, nothing but good can come out of the project. At least the "genial, bland Edwardian" will lose his player's mask and reveal something of his true nature.

—ROGER ELDRIDGE

Bonzo rubbish goes professional

Music-lovers of the world may not be quite ready for this, but there is an eight-pronged attack about to be launched by the members of that singular group, known collectively as the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band. A name such as that will never give an impression of a serious approach to music, which is quite right because the members of the "B, Triple-D, B" regard their meeting with crochets and quavers as a signal for high comedy, comedy they have practised until now as enthusiastic amateurs. From now on they will present it as enthusiastic professionals.

As amateurs they have existed mainly during weekends and holidays from their colleges. The decision to turn professional was delayed until seven of the eight members had their qualifications and thus felt equipped for one other way of life apart from music. The eighth member, Mr Vernon Dudley Bohey Nowell, is already qualified in their common field of art and he indulges in gainful employment as a lecturer.

As the oldest member of the band he feels secure in utterances like this: "I am the oldest dead man among us, I have recollections of Nelson and Trafalgar." When he says things like that the others look at him, silently. They have been sitting and looking at each other, not always silently for the past two years now. During that time they have accumulated a repertoire of 120 songs, mastered the playing of 30 or more instruments and collected an impressive selection of aids to comedy. These include rubber bricks, to hurl at the audience, smoke bombs, a lifesize rag doll to dance with and a queen machine, a device which executes a succession of royal waves each time the band launch into their opening number, *Rule Britannia*.

Vivian Stanshall, 22-year-old spokesman for the band claims that the combination of the band, the aids to comedy and the songs makes, "a whole load of rubbish," then adds, "I feel there is a certain value in badness, in vulgarity." To date, they have delighted audiences in Catford and Hackney pubs, the Hilton Hotel, the Blue Angel, and Oxford and Cambridge. Their manager Reg Tracey reports the same reaction everywhere . . . "They all go potty." Causing the instant "pottiness" is Neil Innes, pianist and expert on trills and rolls; Rodney Slater clarinettist and "Colossus of Reeds"; Bob Kerr on cornet and saxophone; Larry Smith who plays tuba and tap dances; Roger Ruskin Spear, sword swallower; and Martin Ash, the spoon player.

Inevitably there are comparisons drawn between the "B, Triple-D, B" and groups like the Alberts and the Temperance Seven, but Mr Stanshall claims his lot are not so Roaring Twenties orientated. Although he does admit that until quite recently their wardrobe was Twenties.

"Now we get £100 a performance, so we're all having our clothes made." While wide lapels, wide trousers and chest warmer ties are still in evidence, he says: "We've added a lot of porridge, a lot of fruit and veg, sequins, rhinestones and things." The porridge and fruit and veg will take on a more urgent glitter in September when their new record *Alley-Oop* is released.

Picture by STEPHEN GOLDBLATT

Just an old-fashioned girl

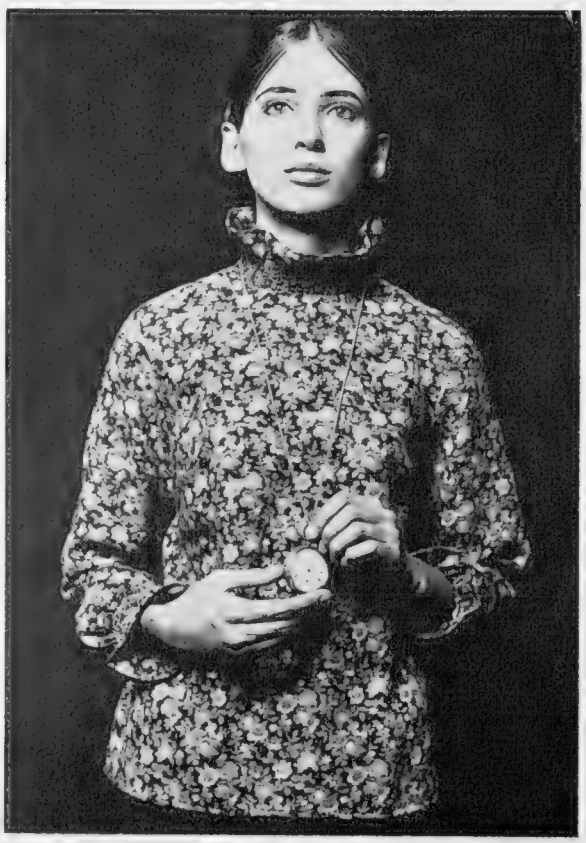
No need to hunt through Granny's trunk or the antique markets for the memory of a yesterday. For the old-fashioned girl the search is over – with manufacturers finally rising to meet the demand and offering the blouse of yesterday today. With the emphasis on romantic full-blown sleeves, high-standing collars and delicate trimmings, they have captured the feeling of a romantic era – so lacking today. To go with them, of course, delicate, intricate Victorian jewellery from the Antique Supermarket

Soft white satin Victorian-style blouse from Granny Takes a Trip £6 6s. Blue enamel fob watch £18 10s from F. Young. Opera Glasses 6 guineas from Rita. For the old-fashioned boy a maroon self-striped velvet jacket, 16 guineas, pink shirt with long pointed collar £2 9s 6d, wide red velvet tie 18s 6d – all from Take Six. Tie-pin and monocle from Rita.

Granny Takes a Trip, 488 King's Road, SW10 (FLA 3570); F Young and Rita, Antique Supermarket, Barrett Street, W1 (HUN 1439); Take Six, 60-66 Wardour Street, W1 (GER 9434); Hair by Susan at Andre Bernard, 10A Old Bond Street, W1 (MAY 4314).

Red pintucked cotton blouse with elbow puff sleeves 9½ guineas from Mexicana. Onyx earrings £3 15s from Rita. Marcasite suede belt with antique silver buckle £6 10s from The Yellow Room.

Mexicana, 89 Lower Sloane Street, SW1 (SLO 3871); The Yellow Room, 42 Elizabeth Street, SW1 (SLO 2607)



Dainty flower print in orange and lemon on navy background, delicately smocked at the neck and cuffs, by John Craig, 59s 6d at Fifth Avenue and The Separate Centre. Also available in other colours. Antique silver watch £4 10s and chain 3 guineas, both from Rita.

Fifth Avenue, Regent Street, W1 (REG 3766) and all branches; Separate Centre, 283 Oxford Street, W1 (GRO 3920).

Demure white cotton blouse with masses of lace trim on front, collar and cuffs 5 guineas from Annacat. Cameo brooch £4 10s and a cameo ring £2 5s both from Rita. Lincoln whipcord jacket, single breasted cut-away front with two tunic pleats at back 14 guineas from Take Six.

Annacat, 23 Pelham Street, SW7 (KEN 0586);

Report by NORMA MORICEAU and MARGARET DREYFUS. Pictures by PETER AKEHURST

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

Jenni Stuart-Anderson (left): PRO for Gunnell Ramble Associates who handle Georgie Fame and Chris Farlowe, wearing a black and white rayon dress from Young Jaeger.

Madeleine Sutton (above): a National Health Service Officer with the South-west Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, wearing a silk dress in tomato and black, from Catherine's City Boutique, with glass multi-coloured jewellery from Majorca.

Brita Edholm (far left): Graphic designer, Art Director of Trends Promotion Unit, wearing a silver dress from Biba's and a black slipper satin Granny Tea jacket – bought in Portobello Road for 7s 6d.

Mrs Sally Dudley-Smith (left) wearing a Victorian skirt and blouse, which she bought at the Chelsea Antique Market. The skirt is black taffeta, and the top (probably once part of a dress) black taffeta with mauve flowers. Sally's husband works in the family business – stationery and leather goods manufacturing.

Nicky Storich (above): is half Italian and half English – but was brought up in Madrid. She is information officer for the Hong Kong Tourist Association in London, and travels around a good deal to trade fairs. The turquoise Thai silk suit she is wearing was made for her in Hong Kong, and her white, turquoise and purple silk shirt is from Liberty.

Yasmin Hirji (above): a Creative Group secretary at J Walter Thompsons, wearing a silk chiffon sari in green and black abstract pattern. The material is from the Sarees Centre, and Mrs Hirji had the sari made for her.

Annabel Roney (left): Junior Executive for Purnell Magazines, wearing a pale-blue chiffon dress from Wallis.

SARAH DRUMMOND

TALKING FASHION

Ungaro coat, in double-worsted wool, 17 gns, on sale now at Wallis. Very light-weight, this is perfect for the in-between season of the moment, and carries you through from morning till night. Here it is worn with yellow dress, with short sleeves and a stand-up collar.

RICHARD Conway's Ginger Group, at Raphael Street, Knightsbridge, SW7 (KNI 6303), found an increasing demand list of boy-friends who wanted to have their hair done at the same time as their girl-friends, and so the salon now caters for both the sexes *(see illustrations at foot of page)*. There is no "Gentlemen This Way" sign: you just happen to be next to a boy, not a girl.

Men do not sit under the drier, but use a hand drier. Cutting, styling, special lotion and shampoo cost one guinea for boys. Cutting for boys and girls is 12s 6d, and a shampoo and set for girls is from 13s 6d.

The putting together of clothes, what goes with what, is the bit that required flair and know-how. Now you can take a short cut. Jaeger have for some time very successfully been dyeing their sweaters to match their skirts; new to doing this are Neatawear, who this season are coming out with stockings to tone-in as well. And Woollands 21 Shop have splendid kilts – purple, tan, beige or green – with Shetland sweaters that are striped the same colour as the kilt, just at the waist.

More switch-gear is in the Sophisticates department at Harrods, designed for Reldan by Roger Nelson, checked and plain mixers, in green and maroon. Roger Nelson is showing these in America now, and having a wild success with them.

Vanessa Frye is the name of the shop that opens on 8 September at 6f Sloane Street, SW1 (BEL 1909) – a combination of the names of the owner: Vanessa Denza and Madelaine Frye. Vanessa was behind the scene of the 21 Shop when it started, and regards this as a natural extension. Five years have elapsed since then, and Vanessa and Madelaine felt the necessity to start a boutique for their own particular age group. And that means something a little more sophisticated.

John Bates, Maxwell Croft, Alistair Cowin and Georgina Linhart are among those doing special designs for the shop. Prices vary from the three-guinea dress to much more. Vanessa and Madelaine feel that the same woman occassionally wants to buy something cheap and will sometimes pay a good deal for one exquisitely made dress. One of the best buys at Vanessa Frye is a fine angora wool dress with a kick pleat, in various colours, for about seven guineas.

When John Bates at Jean Varon was asked to show his collection at the Casino in Cannes – on the gala night, of course – not only was it the first time that an English designer had been invited, but also the first time for a wholesaler. Up till now it's been one of the Paris couturier (it was Yves St Laurent last year), and the French went wild over these London fashions. They showed the following evening at the Whisky-à-Gogo, this time being televised. And they were deluged with orders. The French went particularly crazy over the PVC items – in vibrant colours.

Liberty have big dice earrings, at 32s 6d, being cubes but diamond cut inside. They are available in either transparent, pale watery green, pink or amber.

Headline news at Richard Conway's Ginger Group: autumn styles for boys and girls.

PEOPLE have been asking me enviously where I got my super new Italian bag from. So here's my "secret" – The Separates Centre, 283 Oxford Street, W1 (GRO 3920), who are hot stuff on bags, and at gorgeously low prices. New in September is a shiny black leather flap-over bag, for 39s 11d, complete with handle and shoulder-strap. And they have lots of different shapes and sizes (slightly larger than summer ones) in blacks and browns, leather and suede.

They look like the most expensive Italian bags out: they *are* Italian. But they are adapted and modified versions, to keep the prices low. For instance, instead of a suède lining, they do a cloth lining – but who cares? The Separates Centre are also selling enchanting beaded bags, in red, white, navy-blue and turquoise. They come in three different styles, and sell respectively at 16s 11d, 19s 11d and 39s 11d.

Geoffrey Lewis and Derry Hopkins are the two designers behind the scenes. They regularly make trips to Italy, and when they have decided on designs, they roam around the back streets to find cheap but good leather manufacturers.

Back bags, as opposed to handbags – in other words, satchels, for new-wave adults – are on sale at Medway Bagagerie, 77 Knightsbridge (BEL 1654). They are an idea from France, and cost nine guineas. They come in leather and in almost every colour you can think of.

Medway also have deliciously striped gloves – orange, navy-blue, red and green, and a white palm – for seven guineas. Throughout the autumn they are selling keyhole gloves in lovely soft leather, from four guineas, in all colours.

Elliott have a very fine selection of autumn shoes, being variations on the brown theme – tan, beige and camel. They are all foreign, mostly from France and Italy, and cost from five guineas a pair.

Dickins & Jones have fabulous ostrich long-feather boas in rainbow colours: oranges and lilacs, lemons and pinks. They cost about 16 guineas each. As head-scarves, lined with chiffon (and you tie them), in pale turquoise and ice-cream colours, they cost eight guineas.

Princess in the sun

Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon have found the sun that seemed to be evading them in London. They are the guests of Karim, Aga Khan, on his private yacht *Majorca*, on which they are enjoying days and days of Mediterranean sun along the rugged coastline of Sardinia. While they were in Sardinia, they found the annual regatta in full swing, where the picture above (of the Princess and the Aga Khan), and the ones overleaf, were taken. When the holiday cruise is over, Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon plan to spend their time in other parts of Italy . . . as simple, every-day tourists. Meanwhile, they soak in that lovely sun.

Princess finds the sun - in Sardinia

Left and top: Princess Margaret and the Aga Khan find a moment of good humour while watching Sardinia's annual regatta. While above, the Princess offers Lord Snowdon an obvious word of advice for the regatta winner.

WHERE TO GIVE YOUR DRIVING A TUNE-UP

However long ago you passed your L-test, don't be fooled into believing that you're an expert motorist. Your education in the hurly-burly of actually driving on the road may be totally inadequate. Last week we looked into the best way to pass the L-test, and this week SHEILA FITZJONES reports on some organisations that aim to give even experienced motorists the necessary incentive and instruction to help them become really top-class drivers.

EVERY 80 seconds someone is injured or killed on the roads in Britain. If drivers would only take the trouble to improve their driving, no doubt the accident rate would drop significantly. A great many people are agitating that the official L-test should be only a preliminary, and that a more advanced driving test should be made obligatory at a later date.

But this is not yet law. If you want to check-up now on your driving skill – or lack of it – and find out if you have picked up bad motoring habits over the years, you can apply to take the advanced motorists' test. If you pass, you not only get a morale booster from the knowledge that your driving technique is officially recognised as good – and safe – but you also stand a chance of getting fringe benefits like lower insurance rates.

Here are details about "further education" for experienced motorists.

The Institute of Advanced Motorists,
Empire House,
Chiswick High Road, W4
(CHI 4403)

This is a non-profit-making organisation which has as its object "to improve the standard of driving and the promotion of road safety." You can only become a member of the Institute by passing their advanced driving test, which costs £2 12s 6d. On application you pay £3 13s 6d, and if you pass the test you become a member for a year, with the option to renew your membership annually. If you fail, and don't wish to try again later in three months, the 1 guinea membership fee will be returned to you.

The test itself, conducted by an examiner with a Class I Police Driving Certificate, lasts about two hours and involves driving on every type of road, from a busy shopping street to a narrow country lane. You are expected to be in complete control of the car and the road situation at all times. You will be faulted for driving too slowly, failed if you break any traffic laws, and towards the end of the test you are asked to give a running commentary while driving. At the end of the test you will be told whether or not you have passed and given a detailed report on what you did well, where you went wrong and suggestions about how to correct your faults.

Practical advantages of becoming a member of IAM include the possibility of getting up to a 20 per cent. extra discount on car insurance – but this, of course, depends on your past record and is not available for undergraduates driving E-types. The Institute can also put you in touch with companies who can offer cheapest world-wide personal accident policies, and also have arrangements with about half a dozen hire-purchase firms who are prepared to give members slightly reduced rates on buying cars.

The League of Safe Drivers,
17 Holmwood Gardens,
London, N3
(FIN 4092)

This organisation, which was started by the local Finchley council, created so much interest that it became a national organisation in 1960. Again, you can only become a member by passing an advanced test (3 guineas for the test and first year's membership fee); but the main difference between this organisation and the IAM is that there are three categories of driving standard you can gain in the test, and you have to take a refresher test of about 35 minutes' duration every year for five years. If you pass your first test, you will be graded Class 1 (highest), 2 or 3. All these grades are above the standard L-test, but Class 3 is considered not quite good enough and such drivers may not remain members of the League unless they are upgraded at their first refresher test.

Again, you will be tested by an examiner with a Class I Police Driving Certificate. Tests are shorter – but still very comprehensive – and last about 50 minutes. At the end of the test, the examiner will give constructive criticism for your benefit, and a written copy of his report is sent.

ADVANCED DRIVING COURSES

The British School of Motoring
102 Sydney Street, SW3
(FLA 1014)

The BSM runs various courses that experienced drivers might be interested in taking. These include night-driving lessons, when you are taught how to cope with dazzle, and this costs 25s an hour (reduced rate for block booking). They also run a Continental Course at Brands Hatch on a circuit fitted with Continental road signs and where you drive on the right; two hours driving will cost you £5.

Advanced driving lessons, which aim to take you to the standard required for passing the IAM test, costs 25s an hour. They also do check tests on experienced drivers, when you can find out if you are driving correctly; this will cost you £1 10s for one hour. Their Gran Turismo special course – three sessions of three hours each – costs 22 guineas, and the High Performance Course costs £55 for 15 hours, plus an additional circuit fee of £1.

The BSM also has arrangements for using a special L-shaped skid-road at Brands Hatch, which has a watered surface. You go out with an instructor and the cost for one hour is £2 12s 6d.

The Ealing Borough Council Road Safety Department also have a skid-pan. Pupils are taken three at a time, each one driving 20 minutes, and the charge is 17s 6d per person per session. Ring EAL 3456 Ext 529 for further details.

RoSPA House,
17 Knightsbridge, SW1
(BEL 8236)

They run refresher courses for experienced drivers and their aim is to iron out any bad habits that motorists have acquired over the years. Here you can have a session with a qualified instructor on their driving simulator: you sit in a stationary car and "drive," the results being seen on a moving road screened above you. Single lessons cost 7s 6d.

It is also worth while spending half an hour in their visual checking room. where you will be tested on your response to glare in night driving, night vision, distance judgment and visual acuity, and find out whether you, in fact, need to see an oculist if you want to drive really safely.

RoSPA House is open from 10 to 1.30 Mondays to Fridays and from 10 to 5 on Saturdays.

Motor Racing Stables,
Brands Hatch, Kent
(West Ash 414)

This is the racing drivers' school at Brands Hatch, attended by many members who wish to improve their road skill. The basic introductory course is three laps in a Lotus Elan with an instructor (don't expect Stirling Moss, although he is a director of the school), a blackboard session and then five laps in a single-seater racing car. After this (it costs 10 guineas) you can take a 20-minute session of concentrated personal instruction in an Elan for 5 guineas, or in your own car – if it is suitable – for 3 guineas.

There is no lower age limit, admission being at the discretion of the management. But under-21's need signed parents' consent. There are several boys of 14 and 15 taking instruction at present.

The girl and the mouse

Clovissa Newcombe will soon be seen on the West End stage when she appears with Jimmy Edwards and Eric Sykes in *Big Bad Mouse*. Prior to the London opening she is being seen by audiences in Coventry, Oxford, Wimbledon and Golders Green. The West End stage is a new experience for Clovissa, although performing in London is not, for Clovissa has been one of the main attractions of the famous Danny La Rue club. Clovissa began her career as a juvenile performer at the age of 12. One of her earliest films was *The Blue Lamp* with Jack Warner. As the years passed, and her legs got longer and shapelier, she became one of the famous Silhouette Dancers. She recently completed three TV comedy series as well as some radio work, and now at last comes to the West End stage. She says she is glad to have such professional and helpful co-stars as Jimmy Edwards and Eric Sykes—and the men are more than happy to have the lovely Miss Newcombe in the cast.

LONDON I LOVE

"The West End, every night between 4 and 5 am when the night-clubbers have departed, the milk lorries won't start thundering through and the charwomen are still asleep . . . when I start my nightly ritual of walking home to my little flat . . ."
Continuing this series, we talk to

Al Burnett

LONDON, to most people, is a busy, bustling place where the roads are filled with traffic and the pavements are filled with people. But one small section of Londoners know a different town, a somnolent place full of empty streets and neon-signs flashing quietly to themselves . . . those people are the road sweepers, policemen on the "graveyard shift," and home-going night-club owners.

Al Burnett is one of the night-club owners. He is a Londoner born and bred, claiming as his particular territory the West End – that nebulous term which he sharply defines as "an imaginary line from Marble Arch, east to where Oxford Street joins Charing Cross Road at the Dominion, south to Trafalgar Square, west along Pall Mall to Hyde Park Corner, then up through the park to Marble Arch again.

Mr Burnett came from a poor East End family – "so poor the church mice quit in sympathy and went to live at a better address," he says. Forty years ago, when he was a boy, the West End held a special, exclusive magic: to go there was an event, to work there, even as a 10-bob-a-week waiter, was something to be described with pride.

Selling papers

His first job among the West End people was as assistant to a gentleman known as "Airplane Max." Airplane had a newspaper pitch in the East End. Every evening Max would collect the early editions of the next day's papers and whizz round the West End clubs, restaurants and hotels selling them. Mr Burnett says: "I was still serving my newspaper sellers' apprenticeship and I was made to stand at the nearest set of traffic lights while Max was in a club, wait until the lights changed to red, then hustle the waiting motorists for a coin."

The entertainment business made an early impression on Mr Burnett. With a pal of his, Bernard Delfont, they carved up the local talent competitions for the Charleston, consistently winning prizes. Delfont's brothers, Lew and Leslie Grade, and Bud Flanagan, were all childhood contemporaries in the Stepney, Bow and Whitechapel district. Mr Burnett describes the East End in those days as "a place where it was tough to be born – and you were born to be tough."

But, tough or not, he turned his back on London and went, via a cattle boat, to America. When he returned in the early 'thirties, Mr Burnett claims it was already possible to detect a change in the accent of London night life. "The upper-class patronage was disappearing," he says.

Now, 30 years later, he can look back with a slightly philosophical air and observe the change completed. Today he owns four nightspots – the Pigalle, the Stork Room, the Society and the Jacaranda.

"There is something completely classless about a night-club audience these days," he says. "Night after night I sit in the Stork Room and see the aristocracy swapping yarns with the car salesman at the next table."

He works on the theory that darkness, especially the cultivated gloom in night-clubs, becomes the great leveller of society: "People become relaxed, uninhibited; in fact, people become themselves." During his act at the Stork he has faced some very funny lines from hecklers normally resident at the Houses of Parliament. "They must use their funniest lines heckling me," he muses, "because I often wonder what happens to all their wittiness when they get back to the House."

While MPs are pondering their next funny line, Mr Burnett is usually asleep, rarely waking up before 2 pm. "So, mercifully, I miss all that impersonal charging of traffic and people," he says.

Fortunately for the night-time *habitués*, the traffic does eventually die away – it happens every night between 4 and 5 am. "And that is the hour which I love," says Mr Burnett. "All the night-clubbers have departed, the milk lorries won't start thundering through the Hyde Park Underpass for another hour, and the charwomen are still asleep. It's about 4 am when I start my nightly ritual of walking home to my little flat just north of Marble Arch."

He justly claims that after two shows at the Stork Room, office work and checking that all is well at the Pigalle, he emerges weary and very much in need of fresh air. "People don't believe me, but amazingly enough it hardly ever rains at that hour." More often than not he manages a dry walk home along Piccadilly and up through Park Lane, "which is the best time to catch the freshness of the Park itself." On the way he collects all the morning papers for a solitary read in bed.

There are but two other events which take Mr Burnett away from his clubs: the first is an annual three-month holiday cooking beneath the Miami sun, and the second is gambling. "It is a consuming passion of mine," he says.

Guys and dolls

"Pop It On Patsy," "Yankee Jack," "Liver Lips Louis" and "Manchester Sam" are all people, not greyhounds, which Mr Burnett goes to see four nights of the week at either Wembley or White City dog tracks. With refreshing candour he says he has won and lost £1 million with the bookmakers. In 1958, his dog, Pigalle Wonder, won the Greyhound Derby.

"Gamblers talk a language of their own and yet you know it's still part of show business," explains Mr. Burnett. "This is another side of London – and of me. It is the Guys and Dolls of Damon Runyan."

Guys and Dolls apart, Mr. Burnett is a very staunch supporter of London and its night life. "For your information," he says, "Broadway closes down much earlier than London these days. In fact, at 2 am our fun-spots are just easing into top gear."

THIS is Dominique, two-year-old son of photographer **Jean-Claude Volpiére,** who has captured the sort of wide-eyed, slightly disbelieving look the boy turns on from time to time. Dominique has a younger brother called Benedict, an attractive mother called Belinda (who used to be a model) and he seems generally in charge of the family flat in Earls Court.

NEW FACE '66

Win a night out in London

?

What is Dudley Moore saying to Bruce Forsyth?

The most apt and witty reply will earn the sender a night out in London. Dinner for two will be provided and there will be two tickets for a West End play, then a night-club visit for a champagne supper.

Fill in below what you think Dudley Moore is saying and post to the address shown on the coupon, to arrive by first post, 7 September.

The Editor's decision is final. No correspondence, please.

Winner of the George Brown Balloon Contest was Mr Brian Jones of 51 Elms Crescent, Clapham Common, SW4. Winning line (What is George Brown saying to Bobby Moore?): "What's it like playing with that bloke Wilson behind you?"

Dudley Moore is saying

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name.....

.....

Address.....

.....

.....

To: London Life Balloon Contest
Elm House, Elm Street, WC1

How to be the complete London Lifer

The second of a series of quizzes designed by ROGER BAKER to discover whether you are getting the most out of London's life. This week: Are you a nice person to know?

1.
Does setting the scene for the girl-friend/boy-friend mean to you:
(a) dimming the lights, putting a pile of romantic records out, checking on supplies of gin, whisky, vodka
(b) making sure your flat-mates are all away
(c) dusting the bookshelves and emptying the trash can

2.
Your date is extremely late. On spotting it approach, do you:
(a) say: "I've only just got here myself, thought you would have gone by now"
(b) say: "Well, really, I do think you might have some thought . . ."
(c) slip away for 10 minutes, have a quick drink, then return saying: "Oh gosh, you *are* early . . ."

3.
Where is your favourite spot for meeting?:
(a) in some quietly elegant cocktail bar
(b) by the Decimus Burton screen
(c) Leicester Square Underground

4.
Do you end an *affaire* with:
(a) a quarrel in the street
(b) a tender and exquisitely worded letter
(c) suddenly being too busy to come to the telephone/ spend evenings out/ commit yourself to next weekend

5.
You are at Sybilla's, your partner faints in the crowd. Will you:
(a) continue dancing
(b) make a loud noise
(c) begin an animated conversation with someone else

6.
When people call unexpectedly in mid-evening, will you:
(a) offer drinks, amusing conversation, an impromptu supper
(b) say: "I can never bear leaving a television play in the middle, there's only another hour of it"
(c) continue to paint the kitchen ceiling

7.
What is your attitude to washing up in other people's houses?:
(a) they don't invite me here to help with the domestic arrangements
(b) as a jolly half-hour for a chat away from the wives/husbands
(c) something done by a servant in the morning

8.
You find yourself and partner in a singing pub. Do you:
(a) join in without inhibitions
(b) stand poker-faced and slightly embarrassed
(c) mutter: "Shall we try the pub we just passed, it seemed quieter"

9.
For a first date, would you suggest:
(a) The Royal Opera House, followed by dinner at The Garden
(b) *Khartoum* followed by some Italian food in Soho
(c) a quiet meal at your flat

10.
What anniversaries do you remember and mark:
(a) birthdays, wedding days
(b) just Christmas
(c) The Day I First Saw Y[illegible]u; The Day We First Spoke, etc.

11.
Does the idea of going to party where you know no [illegible]e:
(a) excite you
(b) frighten you
(c) bore you

12.
Have you ever been guilty [illegible] any of the following things? Tick them off:

A. (for men)
Wearing a vest under a nylon shirt; cultivating a l[illegible]e moustache; putting pens, pencils, Biros in your brea pocket; tucking your shirt to your underpants; wearing maroon-coloured socks; admitting to a cold; smoki[illegible] a pipe in public; telling dubious jokes to girls.

B. (for girls)
Having wrinkled stockings wearing anything but high heels in town; having a la[illegible]e handbag, the inside of wh[illegible]h looks like an out-of-order garbage disposer; leaving lipstick on cups, cigarette smoking in the street; hav[illegible]g more than one strap show[illegible]ng beneath a blouse; putting woolly over a pretty dress getting drunk.

HOW TO SCORE

1. (a) 5 (b) 0 (c) 2
2. (a) 5 (b) 0 (c) 2
3. (a) 5 (b) 2 (c) 0
4. (a) 0 (b) 5 (c) 0
5. (a) 2 (b) 5 (c) 0
6. (a) 5 (b) 0 (c) 2
7. (a) 5 (b) 2 (c) 2
8. (a) 5 (b) 0 (c) 2
9. (a) 5 (b) 2 (c) 0
10. (a) 2 (b) 0 (c) 5
11. (a) 5 (b) 0 (c) 0
12. Deduct one mark for each tick

HOW YOU RATE

Over 50:
You must be the most formidable playboy (or girl) on the scene. Some starry-eyed lad or lass may imagine they've found Nirvana – for a few weeks. But no excitement, no tension?

35-50:
Great fun to be with; polite, charming, a good companion wherever, but with those little imperfections that make for an endearing relationship.

20-35:
You know what's expected, but can never seem to accomplish it. Never mind, read *London Life* more often for the clues.

Under 20:
There are, I'm told, some quite interesting jobs in the Outer Hebrides.

BRIDES OF THE WEEK

Above: Miss Joanna Briggs, only daughter of Mr and Mrs Noel Briggs of Cadogan Square, SW1, married Mr Anthony Stephen Munro Hartley, only son of Dr and Mrs Alan Hartley of North Lea, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon, at St Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The coupie are honeymooning in Greece, and will live in London on their return.

Picture by Portman Press Bureau.

Above: Miss Margaret Isobel Fraser, daughter of Mr and Mrs D Menzies Fraser of Findhorn Place, Edinburgh, married Mr Redmond Malachi O'Loughlin, younger son of the late Dr T P O'Loughlin of Wolverhampton, and Mrs O'Loughlin of Alicante, Spain, at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea.

Picture by Portman Press Bureau.

Above: Miss Carol Ann Gaffrey married *London Life* photographer Mr John Benton Harris at St Aidan's Church, Coulsdon. John, who is an American, and Carol, who teaches French, are spending their honeymoon in Majorca and will live in London on their return.

Below: Linsay Ann, only daughter of Sir Rex Cohen, KBE, and Lady Cohen of Ruckmans Farm, Oakwood Hill, Dorking, Surrey, married Mr Richard Alastair Stuart-Hunt, 3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards), son of Major and Mrs Edward Stuart-Hunt of High Trees, Newdigate, Surrey. The couple cancelled their original plans to spend their honeymoon touring the Continent, deciding to tour England instead. They will live near Cirencester in an old Cotswold house, which they have recently bought. *Picture by Tom Hustler.*

MAKE A DATE

THURSDAY 8 SEPTEMBER

Films: Premières of *Kaleidoscope*, starring Warren Beatty and Susannah York (Warner cinema), and *The Chase*, with Marlon Brando (Odeon). Both in Leicester Square. Opening of *Assault on a Queen*, starring Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi. Plaza Cinema, Piccadilly.

FRIDAY 9 SEPTEMBER

Spectacle: Setting the Thames on Fire – pageant with illuminations, fireworks, massed bands, etc., to mark the tercentenary of the London Fire Brigade.

MONDAY 12 SEPTEMBER

Theatre: National Youth Theatre presents *Little Malcolm and His Struggle Against the Eunuchs* at Royal Court Theatre.

TUESDAY 13 SEPTEMBER

Ballet: The Sleeping Beauty (Kirov Ballet). Covent Garden. 7.30.

WEDNESDAY 14 SEPTEMBER

Opera: season opens at Sadlers Wells with *The Queen of Spades*, by Tchaikovsky (new production).

THURSDAY 15 SEPTEMBER

Films: *The Trap* (Leicester Square Theatre), with Rita Tushingham and Oliver Reed; and *Fantastic Voyage*, starring Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch. Carlton Haymarket.

SATURDAY 17 SEPTEMBER

Concert: Last concert of '66 Proms.

SATURDAY 24 SEPTEMBER

Son et Lumière: Last night. Hampton Court Palace.

MONDAY 3 OCTOBER

Show: Horse of the Year Show, Wembley (to 8th).

THURSDAY 6 OCTOBER

Film: Gala première of *The Bible . . . in the Beginning*. Coliseum (Cinerama) cinema, St Martin's Lane.

SATURDAY 8 OCTOBER

Exhibition: Paintings, drawings and ceramics by Rouault. Tate Gallery (to 13 November)

SATURDAY 15 OCTOBER

Netball: Tournament at Empire Pool, Wembley.

SUNDAY 16 OCTOBER

Recital: Mendelssohn and Clementi, by Joan Passmore and Robert Bell, at the house where Clementi lived. Tickets available from Residents Recitals, 34 Hillgate Place, W8.

TUESDAY 15 NOVEMBER

Ball: Billy Smart's Circus Ball in aid of mentally handicapped children. Royal Albert Hall.

THEATRE

Perhaps one of the most frequently reiterated examples of the difference between writing for the theatre and writing for television, is that the former has a captive audience, the latter an audience that must be captured. The implication being that an audience in a theatre will accept more unlikely events than a couple of people sitting on a sofa darning socks – or making love.

In his new play *Public and Confidential*, Benn Levy has set himself a particularly hard task in presenting the crucial action of the drama; and on the night I saw the play (its second performance) the audience was clearly unconvinced. One is shown a cabinet minister, resigning on a point of principle and planning to expose some shady doings in the government. Unexpectedly his wife dies and immediately he falls on to the couch wrapped around a teenage pop singer who happens to be with him at the time and who he has never before met. Scepticism was rife in the auditorium; a woman behind me snapped: "Revolting!" as the curtain fell.

Female view

A most unfair, but as I discovered later talking with my companion, a peculiarly female view. Women find it difficult to understand that unfathomable grief may be temporarily assuaged by such means, as may anger or great anxiety, as in the by no means unfamiliar example of the young father who takes a lover while his wife is in labour.

Therefore, Mr Levy has, I think, in an otherwise fairly conventional exercise, introduced on to the stage something that society generally prefers not to think about. And this particular scene is certainly the only time when the play becomes at all gripping. It is written with conviction; the confrontation, so bizarre when explained baldly, is logically arrived at and integrated into the overall plot. It is also beautifully performed by John Gregson and Wendy Varnals. I was moved, and convinced.

Commas show

For the rest, however, *Public and Confidential* is nothing very special. The expected arguments happen: public and private morality; compromise or action etc. The characters all seem to speak long, perfectly constructed paragraphs, all commas showing. Peter Copley and Ian McCulloch are defeated by the prose, and, apart from the scene already described, the redemption of the evening is in the hands of Constance Cummings as the minister's secretary seeing the blank middle-age of spinsterhood approaching. Her interjections are like slivers of garlic in an otherwise rather dull roast.

New Dictionary

Just published, *The Penguin Dictionary of the Theatre* (5s) by John Russell Taylor. I can't quite see who is expected to benefit, certainly not the expert (professional or amateur) who may or may not know about Rachel, but would certainly know how to find out about her and in more detail. And the casual inquirer may find the information given often inadequate. Many plays are listed, but merely by title, author, and date of first performance.

Some expansion here would have been useful; curiously, more details are given about musical comedies than plays. And, if Mr Taylor is going to reveal his catholic view of the theatre and include a paragraph about Ethel Merman, why omit Evelyn Laye and Dorothy Ward? One may also wonder whether a dictionary is quite the place for such remarks (about Merman) as: "her ability to blast audiences out of their seats." But Mr Taylor scores on his potted biographies and much useful information about the American musical scattered through the book.

Only one original

Also just published: *Plays of the Year* (Elek Books, 25s), edited and introduced by J C Trewin. As always, the introduction is prefaced by the warning that while not claiming that his choice is of the best plays of the period, "I submit merely that all are good of their kind."

"Good of their kind" may be the operative word, as, of the four selected, only one is an original play. This is *How's the World Treating You?* that odd, bizarre and ironic essay that made as many friends as enemies during its controversial run. There is also *A Heritage – and its History*, Julian Mitchell's adaptation of Ivy Compton-Burnett's novel.

Great innovation

The great innovation is the inclusion of Beverley Cross's libretto for Richard Rodney-Bennett's opera, *The Mines of Sulphur*. This is interesting, not merely because *it is* a libretto but because Mr Trewin has thus indicated that sometimes things do happen in the opera house that are of interest to the devotees of the straight theatre. Finally *Portrait of a Queen* makes up the collection, the William Francis documentary that made such a great vehicle for Dorothy Tutin.

roger baker

WEST END

openings

M 5 Sept: **ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA**, Scala, Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 5731). Dir: Michael Croft. National Youth Theatre. Revival of last year's successful production with Helen Mirren as Cleopatra and Clive Emsley as Antony. 7.0

W 7 Sept: **JOHNNY MATHIS ENTERTAINS.** Prince of Wales, Coventry Stret, W1. 8.0. W & Sat: 6.0, 8.30. Until 1 Oct

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Andrew Cruickshank is the high court judge involved with the pretty wife of a man he's just sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 Aug 1965

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Pungent revival of deliciously nasty comedy. Dame Sybil Thorndike and Athene Seyler stir the brew. Muriel Pavlow and her husband Derek Farr have now joined the cast. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb 1966

THE BELLOW PLAYS, Fortune, Russell Street, WC2 (TEM 2238). Miriam Karlin and Harry Towb in three short dialogues. *Out From Under, Orange Soufflé* and – probably the most amusing – *The Wen*. 8.15 (ends 10.20). Th & Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.35); 8.15 (ends 10.20). Opened 28 June 1966

Barbara Evans sings songs never heard before – though written by Cole Porter – in "Decline And Fall."

BEYOND THE FRINGE, 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). It's a bit behind it now, but even the 50th cast change pleasantly revives nostalgia for the good old days of satire. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th, Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, SW1 (VIC 1317). It would make a fair television show, this. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Peter Byrne (TV's Andy Crawford) juggles old school friend, three air hostesses and eccentric maid in and out of various doors. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Anna Neagle singing and dancing; Joe Brown and Hy Hazell ditto in a summertime Cinderella fable. 7.30 (ends 10.10). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

COME SPY WITH ME, Whitehall Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WHI 6692). Danny la Rue changes his drag a dozen times but Barbara Windsor does get a look in during the high camp routines. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 May 1966

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER, Criterion, Piccadilly (WHI 3211). Created and devised by Ben Bagley. Cast: Joan Heal, Travis Hudson, Barbara Evans, Bill Oddie, Rod McLennan. 7.45. Opened 27 Aug

EARLY ONE MORNING, Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). Author: Glyn Jones. Dir: David Poulton. Cast: Jill Browne, Trevor Bannister. 8.0. Sat: 5.30, 8.30. Opened 30 Aug. Ends 24 Sept

HELLO, DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8106). The transatlantic bombshell has become a touch cosy with Lora Bryan wow-wow-wowing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Piccadilly, opposite Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. Fin de siècle morality amongst the Wildest epigrams, together with Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Roger Livesey, Ursula Jeans, Rachel Gurney, Michael Goodliffe and Perlita Neilson. 7.45 (ends 10.15). Th Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.30) Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 13 Aug

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 2443). Hermione Baddeley is now the radio actress who loses her part, and Andrée Melly her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). T: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

THE KING'S MARE, Garrick Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4061). Extended bedroom farce with the delectable Glynis Johns playing Anne of Cleves to Keith Michell's Henry VIII. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W & Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 20 July 1966

LET'S GET A DIVORCE, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Fenella Fielding, Hugh Paddick and Barry Foster in an admired English version of a Sardou comedy. 8.30 (ends 10.40). W & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 26 July 1966

Barry Foster, in "Let's Get A Divorce," finds Fenella Fielding more desirable on the other side of the fence.

LONDON LAUGHS! Palladium Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). London is actually a bit more sophisticated than this, but Jimmy Tarbuck is engaging, Harry Secombe booming and Anita Harris swinging. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat: 2.40 (ends 4.55). Opened 6 May 1966

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West End, WC2 (TEM 1171). After 14 years, still a mystery. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30)

OLIVER! New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). A great original, a touch sweetened by its long run, but great for the kids. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T & Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

PICTURES IN THE HALLWAY, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars (CIT 7656). Author: Sean O'Casey. Adaptor: Paul Shyre. Dir: Peter Duguid. Cast: Annette Crosbie, Peggy Marshall, James Ellis, Barry Keegan. W-Sat: 6.10, 8.40. Ends 10 Sept

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, Wyndham's, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 3028). Muriel Spark's dry, witty novel in a watery adaptation, but totally redeemed by Vanessa Redgrave in the title role. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 5 Mar 1966

Constance Cummings in "Public And Confidential" as a Tory minister's secretary, given to the whisky.

PUBLIC AND CONFIDENTIAL, Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). John Gregson, as a Tory minister, struggles with his conscience. Constance Cummings is his alcoholic secretary/mistress. 7.45 (ends 10.15). Th Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.15 (ends 10.45). Opened 17 Aug 1966

ROBERT & ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Musical version of The Barretts of Wimpole Street. Conventional in harmony and style, but as comfortable as hot chocolate at bedtime. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Ian Carmichael and Patrick Cargill have woman trouble, not aided by the insufficiencies of the telephone. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.25). F, Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.45 (ends 10.55). Opened 14 Oct 1965

A SHARE IN THE SUN, Cambridge, Earlham Street (TEM 6056). Authors: Terence Kelly, Campbell Singer. Dir: Harold French. Cast: Jessie Matthews, Ron Randell, Alan Gifford, John Bentley, Gordon Tanner. 8.0. Opened 31 Aug

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). The hills are alive with it, and not only that, they've been alive since 18 May 1961. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15)

SPRING & PORT WINE, Apollo Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 2663). Bill Naughton's study of a family rebelling against the heavy father, who is Alfred Marks. Ruth Dunning is mother. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

THE SQUARE and **LA MUSICA,** Jeanetta Cochrane, Holborn, WC1 (CHA 7040). Author: Marguerite Duras. Dir: Milo Sperber. Cast: Amanda Reiss, Paul Gilard, Joanna Dunham, Sandor Eles. 7.45. Opened 25 Aug

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Barbara Ferris is a sweet little Chelsea bird who meets Donald Sinden, an up-stage cookery writer. Very funny and sharp. 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 June 1966

WAIT UNTIL DARK, Strand Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Honor Blackman returns to the stage as the blind wife of a photographer unwittingly involved in dope-peddling. 7.45 (ends 10.5). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.20). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.50); 8.30 (ends 10.50). Opened 27 July 1966

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Reasonably starry revival of not one of Shaw's most brilliant comedies, but Sir Ralph Richardson is virtuosic. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45); 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan. Ends 17 Sept

REPERTORY

NATIONAL YOUTH THEATRE, Royal Court, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). BARTHOLOMEW FAIR. Author: Ben Jonson. Dirs: Michael Croft, Paul Hill. Bawdy period piece with youthfully enthusiastic cast. 7.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.0. T: 3.0

SCALA, Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 5731). M 5 Sept: See West End Openings

T 6, W 7 Sept: ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Dir: Michael Croft. Revival of last year's successful production with Helen Mirren as Cleopatra, Clive Emsley as Antony. 7.30. W Mat: 2.0

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 1 Sept: OTHELLO. Olivier's greatest impersonation. 2.15 (ends 5.25)

Th 1-Sat 3 Sept: JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK. Olivier directs Sean O'Casey's comedy-flecked melodrama. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat Mat: 2.15 (ends 4.45)

T 6, W 7 Sept: LOVE FOR LOVE. Peter Wood opts for realism in a golden production of Congreve's flawed classic. 7.30 (ends 10.15)

Laurence Olivier reveals his allegiance to the National Theatre cause by playing a small part in "Love For Love."

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Th 1-Sat 3 Sept: A BOND HONOURED by Osborne and BLACK COMEDY by Shaffer. Most controversial play of recent weeks paired with the funniest. 7.30 (ends 10.15). Sat Mat: 2.15 (ends 5.0)

M 5-W 7 Sept: THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN. Peter Shaffer's epic treatment of the Spanish conquest of Peru. 7.30 (ends 10.30). W Mat: 2.15 (ends 5.15)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych, Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). Th 1, F 2, M 5 & T 6 Sept: DAYS IN THE TREES by Marguerite Duras. Peggy Ashcroft in virtuoso performance. 8.0 (ends 10.5)

Sat 3 & W 7 Sept: THE METEOR by Dürrenmatt. Patrick Magee as a twice-resurrected man. Sat: 2.30 (ends 4.30). Sat & Wed: 8.0 (ends 10.0)

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). AFTER THE RAIN by John Bowen. 8.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

LITTLE ANGEL, Marionette Theatre, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross Street, N1 (CAN 1787). BRIAR ROSE – the story of Sleeping Beauty. Th 1-Sat 3 Sept: 3.0. Sat: 3.0, 5.0

Peggy Ashcroft carries the Duras play "Days In The Trees" before her on a flood of words at the Aldwych.

LITTLE THEATRE, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, WC1 (COV 0660). POETS AND THE PUBLIC with Dennis Gould. M 5-W 7 Sept: 8.0

PLAYERS, Villiers Street, Strand, WC2 (TRA 1134). LATE JOYS – Victorian Music Hall. M, T: 8.0. W-Sat: 9.0

PERIMETER

ASHCROFT THEATRE, Fairfield Hall, Croydon (CRO 9291). ALIBI. Until Sat 3 Sept: 8.0. Sat Mat: 5.0

1066 AND ALL THAT. T 6 & W 7 Sept: 8.0

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). A FAMILY AND A FORTUNE with George Benson, Joyce Carey. Until Sat 3 Sept: 8.0. Th & Sat Mats: 2.30

THE BESPOKE OVERCOAT and THE DOCK BRIEF with David Kossoff, Howard Goorney. M 5-W 7 Sept: 8.0

THE INTIMATE THEATRE, Palmers Green, N13 (PAL 3798). THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN. Until Sat 3 Sept: 7.30. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.0

NEW THEATRE, Bromley, Kent (RAV 6677). SEE HOW THEY RUN. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.15, 8.0

PALACE THEATRE, Clarendon Road, Watford, Herts (92-25671). SUMMER REVUE. 7.45. Sat Mat: 4.45

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Hornchurch, Essex (49-3333). TOM JONES. 8.0. Th Mat: 3.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

RICHMOND THEATRE, The Green, Richmond (RIC 0088). THE DOCK BRIEF and THE BESPOKE OVERCOAT. Until Sat 3 Sept: 7.45. Sat: 5.30, 8.15

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN. M 5-W 7 Sept: 7.45

THEATRE ROYAL, Windsor, Berks (95-61107). GASLIGHT with Wensley Pithey, Alex Scott. M, W, Th: 7.30. Th Mat: 2.30. T, F: 8.0. Sat: 4.45, 8.0

WIMBLEDON THEATRE, SW19 (WIM 5211). BIG BAD MOUSE with Jimmy Edwards, Eric Sykes. M 5-W 7 Sept: 7.30

OUT OF TOWN

CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE, Sussex (0243-86333). Th 1-W 7 Sept (except Tues): MACBETH. John Clements, Director of the theatre, takes the title role. Margaret Johnston is his blood-sucking wife. 7.0. Th & Sat: 2.0

Th 1, Sat 3, T 6 Sept: THE CHERRY ORCHARD. Author: Chekhov. Celia Johnson as Ranevska. Distinguished cast occasionally pins down elusive atmosphere. 7.0

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (0789-2271). Th 1 Sept: TWELFTH NIGHT. Diana Rigg assumes boy's clothes as Viola in Clifford Williams's aromatic production. 2.0

Th 1 & M 5 Sept: HENRY IV PART I. Dirs: John Barton, Trevor Nunn & Clifford Williams. 7.30

F 2 & T 6 Sept: HENRY IV PART II. Dirs: John Barton, Trevor Nunn & Clifford Williams. 7.30

Sat 3 & W 7 Sept: HENRY V. Dir: John Barton & Trevor Nunn. The stature of Ian Holm's performance exceeds his lack of inches. 2.0

Sat 3 & W 7 Sept: HAMLET. More chances to see David Warner's contemporary interpretation and Peter Hall's exciting production. 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbrook, Guildford, Surrey (0483-60191). Until Sat 3 Sept: ON APPROVAL. Author: Frederick Lonsdale. Dir: Murray Mcdonald. Cast: Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Susan Hampshire, Robert Flemyng. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.0

T 6, W 7 Sept: ANGIE AND ERNIE. Authors: Peter Jones, K B Laffan. Dir: John Gibson. Cast: Peter Jones, Nerys Hughes, Alan Tucker. 7.45

THEATRE ROYAL, BRIGHTON (0273 28488). Until Sat 3 Sept: LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: Anthony Quayle. Scenery/costumes: Cecil Beaton. Cast: Coral Browne, Wilfrid Hyde White, Isobel Jeans, Ronald Lewis, Juliet Mills. Th: 2.30, 7.45. F: 8.15. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

From M 5 Sept: THE ODD COUPLE. Author: Neil Simon. Cast: Jack Klugman, Victor Spinetti, Rex Eberhart, Rosemary Martin, Patricia Brake, John Shirland, Matt Zimmerman, Ken Wayne. 7.45

LEATHERHEAD theatre club (537 2852). Until Sat 3 Sept: DANDY DICK. Author: Arthur Wing Pinero. 7.30. Sat: 4.0, 7.30

T 6, W 7 Sept: BECKET. Author: Jean Anouilh. Dir: Robert Cartland. Cast: Barry Warren, Bryan Marshall. T: 7.30. W: 2.30, 8.0

FILMS

Two of the new films, *Carry On Screaming* (A, general release, currently) and *The Liquidator* (A, Warner, Leicester Square, currently), both have a liberal sprinkling of poor, banal, seaside comedy-sketch dialogue littered about them. The difference is that, while the latter is intended as a smart comedy-thriller – brawls, bedrooms and broads – the other makes no pretension to being anything but what it is.

Carry On Screaming, which I personally preferred to *Carry On Cowboy*, although I seem to be in somewhat of a minority, has an advantage over its predecessors in that the cast, and well cast they are, too, do make real comedy characters out of their parts, instead of just sketches. The weird settings and 19th century horror story-line give an added taste to the old jokes.

Peter Butterworth does a rib-digging female impersonation, which reaches a height of real comedy when, with Police Sergeant Harry H Corbett, he goes to a secluded spot in the woods to try and lure the women-snatching monsters out of hiding. Uncomfortably, they sit down together. Corbett says they'd better make it look good, so he'll put his arm round him. Butterworth looks up apprehensively: "You're not going to *kiss* me, Sergeant, are you?"

Joan Crawford will come to England in October to star in Columbia's "Circus of Blood."

There's a vintage vampire from Fenella Fielding, who, interrogated by Corbett, asks if she may smoke. Yes, he says, and reclining on a couch in best Fielding manner, she proceeds to do just that, smoke gradually issuing from all parts of the Fielding anatomy. You shouldn't laugh, really, but, with a receptive fellow-audience, you'll do well to avoid it.

The Liquidator (Rod Taylor) would have done well to liquidate the girls in his film before it started. If there's been a more disastrous pair of performances this year than those of Jill St John and Gabriella Licudi I've yet to see them. As it is, it's still hard to understand how Taylor (a cowardly assassin who gets someone else to do the killing) and Trevor Howard got mixed up in this dull, awkwardly unfunny malarkey. Eric Sykes perfectly cast against type as the assassin, gives an excellent impression of a man just treading water, while all about him are sinking fast into an ever-thickening quagmire. It's a pity that his character vanishes half-way through.

david quinlan

OPENING

THE WAR IS OVER (X). Alain Resnais' latest investigation into the past and present, which caused such controversy when shown at Cannes. A veteran of the Spanish Civil War (Yves Montand), now living in France, dwells on the effect the past has had on him. (Ingrid Thülin. 124 min.) *Cameo-Poly, Upper Regent Street.* LAN 1744. Opens 1 Sept. With: *The Great Steam Fair* (U)

WEST END

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. (Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw, Pier Angeli. Col. 163 min.) *Coliseum, St Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161. 2.30, 8.0. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.45, 11.45. Sun: 4.0, 7.30

THE BLUE MAX (A). George Peppard is an unscrupulous German flier, prepared to do anything to gain the Blue Max, the most coveted medal the Kaiser's air force can gain. A certain winner with aviation fanatics. (James Mason, Ursula Andress. Col. 155 min.) *Metropole, Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

CAST A GIANT SHADOW (A). Long, long drama of the 1948 Israeli freedom fight. Colonel "Mickey" Marcus may have been a great man, but it doesn't show in these flag-waving antics. Only the end is really moving. (Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger, Yul Brynner, Angie Dickinson. Col. 138 min.) *London Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus.* GER 2982. 11.20, 2.15, 5.15, 8.25. Sun: 2.15, 5.15, 8.25

DARLING . . . (X). The director, John Schlesinger, attempts to lay bare the decadence of contemporary life, and succeeds only in misplaced, rather aimless bitterness. (Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey. 127 min.) *Windmill, Great Windmill Street.* GER 7413. 1.0, 3.33, 6.8, 8.45. Sat: Late Show 11.0. Sun: 4.0, 6.33, 9.8

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel, directed by David Lean. With Omar Sharif as Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie unforgettable as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Rod Steiger, Ralph Richardson. Col. 193 min.) *Empire, Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30. Sat only: 11.30 pm. Sun: 3.0, 7.30

LES ENFANTS DU PARADIS (A). One of the great French classics now seen in its original form. It traces the life and loves of a group of French actors working in 19th centry Paris. Notable for the exquisite mime scenes featuring Jean-Louis Barrault. (Pierre Brasseur, Arletty, Maria Cajares, Pierre Renoir. Dir: Marcel Carné. 188 min.) *Academy One, Oxford Street.* GER 2981. 1.0, 4.15, 7.40. Sun: 5.15, 7.40

HENRY V (U). One of the best of Olivier's Shakespeare adaptations, well spoken and acted and featuring, of course, the great Battle of Agincourt sequence, shot in Ireland, and backed by Walton's resplendent music score. (Laurence Olivier, Leslie Banks, Esmond Knight, Leo Genn, Renee Asherson, Robert Newton. Col. 137 min.) *Academy Two, Oxford Street.* GER 5129. 1.10, 3.35, 6.5, 8.40. Sun: 3.35, 6.5, 8.40. Ends 7 Sept

THE HILL (X). Raw, savage study of life in a military prison camp. A shattering experience, with a fine study of a brutal NCO from Ian Hendry. (Sean Connery, Harry Andrews, Michael Redgrave. 123 min.) *Ritz, Leicester Square.* GER 1234. *Jacey, Marble Arch.* MAY 6396

HOW TO STEAL A MILLION (U). William Wyler's first comedy since *Roman Holiday*, with Audrey Hepburn delicious as an art thief bent on acquiring a Cellini nude, and Peter O'Toole, an elegant detective who becomes her partner in crime. (Col. 123 min.) *Carlton, Haymarket.* WHI 3711. 1.0, 3.30, 6.5, 8.40. Sat only: 11.15 pm. Sun: 3.30, 6.5, 8.40

KHARTOUM (U). Colossal battle scenes and an all-star cast, have been added to strict historical accuracy. Charlton Heston plays General Gordon and Laurence Olivier is the Mahdi. (Ralph Richardson, Richard Johnson. Col. Cinerama. 130 min.) *Casino, Old Compton Street, W1.* GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.45. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

THE LIQUIDATOR (A). Variation on the espionage theme, but the low-comedy dialogue gives Rod Taylor and Trevor Howard very little chance to make anything of such unsubtle surroundings. The girls are woefully weak. (Jill St John, Akim Tamiroff, Eric Sykes. Col. Panavision. 104 min.) *Warner, Leicester Square.* GER 3423. 1.50, 4.14, 6.40, 9.8. Sat only: 11.42 pm. Sun: 3.30, 6.1, 8.37

MARY POPPINS (U). Walt Disney's musical about an enchanted nanny, with the most tuneful score in the decade. Dick Van Dyke is the show-stopper as the chimney sweep, pavement artist and one-man band. (Julie Andrews. Col. 139 min.) *Prince Charles, Leicester Place.* GER 8181. 2.20, 5.10, 8.5. Extra show Sat: 11.30 am

MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A). Morgan Delt (David Warner), a gentle dreamer, a failed artist, has a strange affinity with gorillas, and escapes from reality with fantasies of Tarzan and King Kong. (Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Handl. 97 min.) *Berkeley, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 8150. 2.35, 5.45, 8.45. Sun: 5.45, 8.45. With: *Tokyo Olympiad* (U). (Check with cinema)

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED (U). Revolutionary antics in a fictional European state. Very funny comedy in soft colours. (Peter Sellers, David Kossoff, Jean Seberg. Col. 83 min.) With: *The Silencers* (A). *Columbia, Shaftesbury Avenue.* REG 5414. Pgm: 12.55, 4.5, 7.30. Sat only: 11.15 pm. Sun: 3.45, 7.15

MY FAIR LADY (U). Rex Harrison carries the film along in commanding style with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate, Liza. Great vitality, but played a little too safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde White. Col. 185 min.) *Studio One, Oxford Street.* GER 3300. 1.0, 4.30, 8.0. Sun: 3.40, 7.0

NEVADA SMITH (A). Steve McQueen's erratic performance as a young half-Indian, who sets out to avenge the brutal murder of his parents, and tracks down the three men responsible. Proceedings are far too long-winded. (Brian Keith, Suzanne Pleshette, Karl Malden. Col. 120 min.) *Plaza, Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. 1.10, 3.40, 6.5, 8.35. Sat: Late Show 11.0. Sun: 2.15, 5.23, 7.58

OTHELLO (U). Faithful record of the National Theatre production with Laurence Olivier giving a performance that salutes greatness as the Moor. (Maggie Smith, Frank Finlay. Col. 170 min.) *Odeon, Haymarket.* WHI 2738. 2,30, 7.30. Sat: 12.30, 4.5, 7.45. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING, THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING (U). Both Americans and Russians are satirically shot at in a film that's funny visually rather than vocally, although tending to outstay its welcome near the end. (Carl Reiner, Eva Marie Saint, Alan Arkin. Col. 125 min.) *Leicester Square Theatre.* WHI 5252. 1.10, 3.35, 6.5, 8.40. Sun: 3.35, 6.5, 8.40

THE SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion, Tottenham Court Road, W1.* MUS 176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (U). A revival of Cecil B de Mille's lavish pseudo-marathon, with much reverence, but little historical sense. Extras by the thousand (Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner. Col. 219 min.) *Astoria, Charing Cross Road.* GER 5385. 2.0. 7. Sun: 6.0

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for gathering a host of international stars for a 1910 London-Paris air race. Some good shots of early aeroplane but little or no feeling for comic effect. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Eric Sykes. Col. 130 min.) *Rialto, Coventry Street.* GER 3488. 12.20, 3.0, 5.40, 8.20. Sat: Late show 11.30. Sun: 2.45, 5.30, 8.15

TORN CURTAIN (A). Hitchcock's 50th film, in which an American scientist (Paul Newman) fakes defection to East Germany in order to discover a Communist defence secret. But the Hitchcock flair for suspense wears a little thin in places. Rather a disappointment. (Julie Andrews, Lila Kedrova. Col. 128 min.) *Odeon, Leicester Square.* WHI 6111. 12.30, 3.15, 5.55, 8.40. Sat only: 11.0 pm. Sun: 3.15, 5.55, 8.40

THE WAR GAME (X). Written and produced by Peter Watkins. Imaginary nuclear attack on Britain (50 min.) With: *Four in the Morning* (X). *Piccadilly Circus Classic.* GER 2380. Pgm: 12.15, 1.5, 3.35, 6.5, 8.35. Sat: Late Show 11.15 pm. Sun: 12.45, 3.10, 5.40, 8.10

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? (X). A middle-aged couple and their violent, utterly destructive quarrels, in which they ruthlessly tear at each other's weaknesses. The couple are well played by Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (George Segal, Sandy Dennis. 132 min.) *Curzon, Curzon Street.* GRO 3737. 12.50, 3.20, 5.55, 8.25. Fri & Sat: Late Show 11.0. Sun: 3.0, 5.30, 8.10

THE WRONG BOX (U). Star-studded black comedy about the murderous efforts of two orphans (Peter Cook and Dudley Moore) to ensure that their uncle (Ralph Richardson) is the last survivor of a mammoth lottery. Well worth a view. (John Mills, Michael Caine, Nanette Newman, Wilfrid Lawson, Peter Sellers. Col. 110 min.) With: *The Man Who Wagged His Tail* (A). *La Continentale, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 4193. 1.40, 5.15, 8.50. Sun: 5.20, 8.50

GENERAL RELEASE

* Sunday programme differs

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

(A jump in sequence indicates a late programme change)

Baker Street Classic. 26, 33.
Belmont Essoldo. 2, 21.
Brixton Classic. 5, 28.
***Brixton Granada.** 22.
***Camberwell Grand.** 1.
Charing Cross Road Jacey. 31.
Chelsea Classic. 13, 29.
Chelsea Essoldo. 20.
Croydon Classic. 19.
Dalston Classic. 4, 44.
Ealing Walpole. 36.
East Ham Granada. 53.
Edgware Road ABC. 57.
Edmonton Granada. 55.
Eltham Hill Gaumont. 23.
Erith Odeon. 12.
Finchley Rex. 48.
Finsbury Park Astoria. 36.
Fulham Road ABC. 57.
Golders Green Ionic. 14, 43.
Hackney Essoldo. 6, 37.
Hammersmith Broadway. 8.
Hampstead Everyman. 18, 51.
Harrow Road Prince of Wales. 46.
Hendon Gala. 24, 45.
Highgate Odeon. 38.
Kilburn Classic. 47, 49.
Kilburn Grange. 36.
Kingston Odeon. 36.
Leytonstone Granada. 56.
Notting Hill Classic. 30, 32.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 11.
Piccadilly Jacey. 40.
Praed Street Classic. 52.
Queensbury Essoldo. 48.
Raynes Park Rialto. 2, 3.
South Harrow Odeon. 36.
***Southfields Plaza.** 2, 41.
Stepney Essoldo. 39.
***Stockwell Classic.** 4, 54.
***Stoke Newington Coliseum.** 10, 57.
Thornton Heath Granada. 14.
Tooting Astoria. 12, 35.
Tooting Classic. 9, 27.
Tottenham Palace. 36.
***Victoria Biograph.** 7, 50.
Victoria Cameo. 16, 17.
Watford Carlton. 15.
Waterloo Station Classic. 42.
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. 25, 34.

ADVENTURE

1 **The Black Tulip** (U). Alain Delon, Virna Lisi. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand
2 **Born Free** (U). Virginia McKenna, Sun. seven days: Raynes Park Rialto, Belmont Essoldo. Mon, six days: Southfields Plaza
3 **Daleks, Invasion Earth 2150 AD** (U). Peter Cushing. Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto
4 **Davy Crockett and the River Pirates** (U). Fess Parker. Fri and Sat only: Stockwell Classic. With: Stowaway (U). Fri, three days: Dalston Classic
5 **Duel at Rio Grande** (U). Sean Flynn. Fri, three days: Brixton Classic.
6 **Duel of the Titans** (U). Steve Reeves, Virna Lisi. Until Sat: Hackney Essoldo
7 **East of Sumatra** (U). Jeff Chandler. Thurs, three days: Victoria Biograph
8 **Hercules Unchained** (U). Steve Reeves. Fri, seven days: Hammersmith Broadway
9 **The Horse Without a Head** (U). Jean-Pierre Aumont. Fri, three days: Tooting Classic
10 **Zorro and the Three Musketeers** (U). Gordon Scott. Sun, seven days: Stoke Newington Coliseum.

COMEDIES

11 **Do You Believe in Angels?** (A). Jarl Kulle, Christina Schollin. Oxford Street Cinephone.
12 **Doctor at Sea** (U). Dirk Bogarde, Brigitte Bardot. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. Mon, four days: Erith Odeon. With: Follow a Star (U)
13 **Hallelujah the Hills** (A). Adolfas Mekas. Fri, 2 Sept only, 11.15 pm: Chelsea Classic
14 **Monsieur Hulot's Holiday** (U). Jacques Tati. Until Sat: Golders Green Ionic. Fri, seven days: Thornton Heath Granada
15 **Lt Robin Crusoe, USN** (U). Dick Van Dyke, Nancy Kwan. Fri, seven days: Watford Carlton
16 **How to Murder Your Wife** (A). Jack Lemmon. Thurs, three days: Victoria Cameo
17 **Pillow Talk** (A). Doris Day. Sun, four days: Victoria Cameo
18 **Room Service** (U). The Marx Brothers. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman
19 **A Shot in the Dark** (A). Peter Sellers, Elke Sommer. Fri, seven days: Croydon Classic
20 **A Stitch in Time** (U). Norman Wisdom. Until Sat: Chelsea Classic
21 **The Ugly Dachshund** (U). Dean Jones. Until Sat: Belmont Essoldo
22 **What's New, Pussycat?** (X). Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers. Sun, five days: Brixton Granada. With: Girl With Green Eyes (X)

DRAMA

23 **Becket** (A). Peter O'Toole, Richard Burton. Fri, seven days: Eltham Hill Gaumont
25 **Darling . . .** (X). Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde. Until Sat: Hendon Gala. Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre
26 **Love With the Proper Stranger** (X). Steve McQueen, Natalie Wood. Fri 7 days: Baker Street Classic. Late show Sat 11.15 pm
27 **The Lovers** (X). Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Marc Bory. Mon 4 days: Tooting Classic
28 **Night People** (A). Gregory Peck. Mon, four days: Brixton Classic
29 **Otto e Mezzo (8½)** (A). Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale. Fri 7 days: Chelsea Classic. Late show Sat 11.30 pm
30 **Phaedra** (X). Melina Mercouri, Anthony Perkins. Fri 7 days: Notting Hill Classic. Late show Sat 11.15 pm
31 **To Love** (X). Harriet Anderson, Charing Cross Road Jacey
32 **Viridiana** (X). Francisco Rabal, Silvia Pinal. Fri 2 Sept only, 11.15 pm: Notting Hill Classic
33 **The Wild & the Willing** (X). Virginia Maskell. Fri 2 Sept only, 11.15 pm: Baker Street Classic
34 **Woman in White** (X). Marie-José Nat. Sun 7 days: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre

HORROR

35 **The Exterminators** (X). Richard Wyler. Sun 6 days (not Tues): Tooting Astoria
36 **The Projected Man** (X). Mary Peach, Bryant Haliday. Fri 7 days: Ealing Walpole, Finsbury Park Astoria, Kilburn Grange, Kingston Odeon, South Harrow Odeon, Tottenham Palace
37 **The 2 Faces of Dr Jekyll** (X). Paul Massie. Sun 4 days: Hackney Essoldo

MUSICALS

38 **The Bolshoi Ballet** (U). Thurs 8 Sept only: Highgate Odeon
39 **Girls! Girls! Girls!** (U). Elvis Presley. Until Sat: Stepney Essoldo
40 **The Kinky Darlings** (X). Piccadilly Jacey. With: Image of Love (X)
41 **Mary Poppins** (U). Julie Andrews. Until Sat: Southfields Plaza
42 **Robin & the 7 Hoods** (U). Frank Sinatra. Fri 7 days: Waterloo Station Classic (evenings only)
43 **7 Brides for 7 Brothers** (U). Howard Keel, Jane Powell. Sun 7 days: Golders Green Ionic
44 **Wonderful Life** (U). Cliff Richard. Mon 4 days: Dalston Classic

THRILLERS

45 **Le Baron de l'Ecluse** (A). Jean Gabin, Micheline Presle. Sun 7 days: Hendon Gala
46 **The Guns of Navarone** (U). Gregory Peck. Fri 7 days: Harrow Road Prince of Wales
47 **Notorious** (A). Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant. Mon 4 days: Kilburn Classic
48 **One of Our Spies is Missing** (U). Robert Vaughn, David McCallum. Fri 7 days: Finchley Rex. Sun 7 days: Queensbury Essoldo
49 **The Paradine Case** (A). Gregory Peck. Fri 3 days: Kilburn Classic
50 **The Testament of Dr Mabuse** (A). Gert Frobe, Senta Berger. Mon 3 days: Victoria Biograph
51 **The Wages of Fear** (A). Yves Montand, Charles Vanel. Mon 7 days: Hampstead Everyman

WESTERNS

52 **Cheyenne Autumn** (U). Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker. Fri 7 days: Praed Street Classic
53 **Cowboy** (U). Glenn Ford, Jack Lemmon. Fri 7 days: East Ham Granada. With: Taras Bulba (U)
54 **Invitation to a Gunfighter** (U). Yul Brynner, George Segal. Mon 4 days: Stockwell Classic
55 **Last Train from Gun Hill** (A). Anthony Quinn, Kirk Douglas. Fri 6 days: Edmonton Granada
56 **The Magnificent 7** (U). Steve McQueen, Yul Brynner. Fri 7 days: Leytonstone Granada

PRE-RELEASE

57 **Carry On Screaming** (A). Harry H Corbett, Kenneth Williams, Fenella Fielding. Fri 7 days: Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC. With: Fireball 500 (U)

FILMS IN FLIGHT

AIR FRANCE. West-bound. To New York: Greed in the Sun (Jean-Paul Belmondo). **To Los Angeles and Montreal:** Lady L (Sophia Loren, Paul Newman, David Niven.) Until 4 Sept

PAN-AM. West-bound: Walk, Don't Run (Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar, Jim Hutton). **East-bound:** Born Free (Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.) Until 30 Sept

TWA. All flights: Blindfold (Rock Hudson, Claudia Cardinale.) Until 3 Sept. Stagecoach (Alex Cord, Ann-Margret, Bing Crosby). From 4 Sept

RANK RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: CAST A GIANT SHADOW (A). Long, long drama of the 1948 Israeli freedom fight. Colonel "Mickey" Marcus, the hero, may have been a great man, but it doesn't show in these flag-waving antics. The script is often laughable, and only the end is really moving. (Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger, Yul Brynner, Angie Dickinson – *above* – John Wayne, Dir: Melville Shavelson. Col. 138 min.) With: **The Mighty Dolomites** (U). Ends Th 8 Sept.

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: THE RARE BREED (U). A genial western centring around Vindicator, a hornless Hereford, who arrives in America at the turn of the century to be used as a breed sire. James Stewart – *above* – as a grizzled ranch hand and Brian Keith as an eccentric, beef-buying Scot provide some comedy relief to a sentimental evening. (Maureen O'Hara, Juliet Mills. Dir: Andrew V McLaglen. Col. 97 min.) With: **Fluffy** (U). Ends Th 8 Sept.

ABC RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: A FINE MADNESS (A). Sean Connery, far away from Bond territory, as a rebellious Greenwich Village poet, in a bright, brittle comedy with some unhappily macabre moments. Joanne Woodward – *above* – is in excellent form as his long-suffering wife, but Jean Seberg is rather negative. (Patrick O'Neal, Clive Revill, Sue Ann Langdon. Dir: Irvin Kershner. Col. 104 min.) With: **Dead Man's Chest** (U). Ends Th 8 Sept.

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: NEVADA SMITH (A). Based on a character from *The Carpetbaggers*, Steve McQueen – *above* – is somewhat erratic as a half-breed Indian out to avenge the brutal killing of his parents. Henry Hathaway's direction lacks conviction, and, on the whole, proceedings are far too long-winded. (Brian Keith, Suzanne Pleshette, Arthur Kennedy, Karl Malden, Janet Margolin. Col. 120 min.) With: **Strangler's Web** (U) Ends Th 8 Sept.

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GALLERIES

It is the time of year when much flotsam is jettisoned from the back seats and boots of cars returning from the beach, or from the holiday altogether. It can develop into quite an hysterical battle if the rejection is both arbitrary and complete for the acquisition of "treasure" is a deep-seated impulse in us all, be it a chunk of Cornish crystal flecked with the gold of iron pyrites, or a sea-fashioned piece of wood reminiscent of a Henry Moore.

One can understand the parental resistance to being lumbered with several hundredweight of shells and rocks; but most mantlepieces and bookshelves these days bear their quota of *objets trouveés*, a fashion certainly encouraged by modern art, but by no means confined as a habit to the present day.

Since art collecting first began, man has included bizarre objects amongst his treasures, somewhere between the sacred, the priceless and the beautiful. Sometimes the items have been acquired from curiosity or in ignorance: sometimes, and this may account for our flotsam, as the collector's own magic joke against the responsibilities of possession, as a talisman of irreverence against becoming too serious. Or perhaps against taking the weird element in art too seriously.

A loan exhibition of De Wint watercolours will be shown at Agnews in October in aid of Lincoln Cathedral.

A bizarre object, bought or found, may have a rarity value, but that is true of the real work of art itself; or its attraction may lie in the expenditure of time and ingenuity spent on its creation, probably out of all proportion to its artistic importance. Yet again it may be that the fantasy of its form arouses in the imagination of the beholder a similar exotic fantasy.

Even if it is grotesque the object can act as a stimulating irritant amongst the more acceptable taste-fetishes surrounding it in the collection.

If, then, the bizarre is not always valued for the finest of artistic reasons, is has to be recognised as part of the general paraphernalia of art and, at least since the beginning of Romanticism, as something functioning in earnest.

It also functions by reason of its contrast to its surroundings, and, in order to continue to be effective, the object must remain both self-contained and distant. Otherwise both it and the "objects virtues" will become just a cupboard full of toys and it doesn't need a psychologist to point out the regressional tendencies of that.

keith sutton

The Park, Chatsworth, by R R Reinagle, at Agnews.

OPENING

CURWEN, 1 Coleville Place, W1. MUS 1459. Nine print-makers. 1-30 Sept. M-F 10-5, Th 10-7, Sat 10-1

WALDEMAR D'OREY. Axiom, 79 Duke Street, W1. HYD 6646. Sculpture – brilliantly coloured interacting metal planes. 7-30 Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

GARTH EVANS. Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. Recent sculpture. 9-29 Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

GRABOWSKI, 84 Sloane Avenue, SW3. KEN 1868. Tapestries of Tomorrow from Polish Looms of Today: abstract work, traditional methods, unusual materials. 6 Sept-28 Oct. Daily 10-6

JOHN LEVERE. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Recent abstract paintings. 6 Sept-1 Oct. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

JAMES LLOYD. Portal, 16a Grafton Street, W1. HYD 0706. Yorkshire native painter. 6 Sept-4 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

OBELISK, 15 Crawford Street, W1. HUN 9821. Mixed Surrealist Show, including Ozenfant, Lam & Paalen. 2-30 Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

MAJORIE PARR, 285 Kings Road, SW3. FLA 0768. Paintings by Haydn, Hitchens, Smith, Wallis & Yeates. 7,30 Sept. Daily 9.30-5.30

WILLIAM PYE. Redfern, 20 Cork Street, W1. REG 1732. Recent sculpture in aluminium, steel and wood. 6 Sept-1 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

TRAFFORD, 119 Mount Street, W1. GRO 2021. September Selection. 2-30 Sept. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL ART CLUB. Whitechapel, High Street, E1. BIS 1492. Including invited artists such as Alice Baber, F Gillot, S Delaunay & E Frink. 8 Sept-2 Oct. T-Sat 11.6, Sun 2-6

ISAAC WITKIN. Waddington, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. Recent sculpture in wood and fibreglass. 6 Sept-1 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

WOODSTOCK, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 4419. Paintings by Knowles, Grimshaw and Spence. 5-25 Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CURRENT

AGNEW, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 6176. Old Masters under £300. Until 3 Sept. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

AIA, 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4846. New selection of pictures for hire. Until 10 Sept. M-F 11.6, Sat 11-4

HAMILTON, 8 St George Street, W1. HYD 3196. Trends & Movements. Until 10 Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

HANOVER, 32a St George St[illegible] W1. MAY 0296. The Poetic In[illegible] Until 9 Sept. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

KASMIN, 118 New Bond St[illegible] W1. MAY 2621. 118 Show: includ[illegible] Noland, Morris Louis, Fran[illegible] thaler and Bannard. Until 10 S[illegible] M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

NEW IDIOMS. Robert Frase[illegible] Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. G[illegible] show, American and British some new faces. Until Sept[illegible] 10-6, Sat 11-1

PICCADILLY, 16a Cork Stre[illegible] MAY 2875. Mixed show. M[illegible] Rear Gallery – Neil Mu[illegible] Paintings of sea and [illegible] Through Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 1[illegible]

DAVID SMITH (1906-1965)[illegible] Gallery, Millbank, SW1. TA[illegible] Until 23 Sept. Also special [illegible]ing of Matisse collage and [illegible] tapestry; also Turner's *The [illegible]ing of the House of Con[illegible]* M-S 10-6, Sun 2-6. Special e[illegible]tions open 10-8 on Tues and [illegible]

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Kensington, SW7. KEN [illegible]371. Aubrey Beardsley. Until 15 [illegible]pt. American studio pottery. [illegible]ly 10-6, Sun 2.30-6

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TUESDAY 6 SEPTEMBER
Furniture, 11.0. Pictures, 2.0. Bonham & Sons, Old C[illegible]sea Galleries

WEDNESDAY 7 SEPTEMBER
China, porcelain and works of art. 11.0. Puttick & Simpson
Furniture and porcelain. 11.0. Motcomb Galleries
Carpets and porcelain. 11.0. Bonham & Son, Montpelier Galleries

ADDRESSES AND VIEWING TIMES

Bonham & Sons, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161) and Old Chelsea Galleries, 75-81 Burnaby Street, SW10 (FLA 0460) – one or two days before sale

Knight, Frank and Rutley, 20 Hanover Square, W1 (MAY 8171) – at least two days before sale

The Motcomb Galleries, Motcomb Street, SW1 (BEL 3636) – Monday or Tuesday

Puttick & Simpson, Blenstock House, Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – day previous to sale

MUSIC

Versatility seems to be the key requirement for conductors these days. Marcus Dods, who has just been appointed Principal Conductor of the BBC Concert Orchestra, can outdo most comers. His experience stretches from *Funny Girl* and *Oliver* to the more way-out products of the *avant-garde*; and he has taken in opera, light and symphonic music, and film scores.

Edinburgh-born but brought up south of the border, Dods left King's College, Cambridge, to work with Muir Matheson, then musical director for Rank. Four years of conducting, arranging, and supplying "extra bits" left him with a fascination for film music. He enjoys, he says, the "added discipline" of working to (literally) thirds of a second, and collaborating with composers. Currently he is recording Richard Rodney Bennett's score for the latest Julie Christie film, *Far From The Madding Crowd*.

After Rank, Dods spent six years as chorus master and conductor at Sadler's Wells,

The BBC Symphony Orchestra is to pay a first visit to Russia in January.

and then began his run with musicals. He conducted three Bart shows, *Oliver*, *Blitz* and *Maggie May*, and, in between, *Irma La Douce*, *Pickwick* and *Funny Girl*. He admits that the musical has limitations from the conductor's point of view. "The most interesting part is the rehearsal period. That's when you can really add something to a show."

Dods wishes someone would put up the money for a really ambitious, Bernstein-type British musical. Since *West Side Story*, he complains, the musical has gone backwards. He thinks Malcolm Arnold or Malcolm Williamson, among others, could become the "English Bernstein," wedding catchy tunes to symphonic know-how. "But they're all too busy. There are so many commissions about these days that they wouldn't be interested."

His interest in the *avant-garde* is an extension of his film work. Having conducted the film scores of composers like Bennett and Elizabeth Ltuyens, he has gone to explore their more personal music "I don't always get what they're at," he admits. "But I think they should be heard."

The Concert Orchestra, with its gamut from the popular classics to non-stop early-morning music, should suit Dods' temperament. Basically, he says, he's "serious." But he doesn't despise the "bread-and-butter" chores. Good music is worth playing – whether it's Bart or Beethoven."

richard last

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. Th 1 Sept: London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Istvan Kertesz. 7.30
F 2 Sept: BBC Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Pierre Boulez. Soloist: Halina Lukomska. 7.30
Sat 3 Sept: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Soloists: Elizabeth Vaughan, soprano, Uto Ughi, violin. 7.30
M 5 Sept: English Chamber Orchestra, BBC Chorus. Conductor: Raymond Leppard. Soloists: April Cantelo, soprano, Maureen Lehane, contralto, Jean Allister, contralto, Yvonne Minton, contralto, Nernard Dickerson, tenor, Gerald English, tenor, Stafford Dean, bass, Christopher Keyte, bass, Stephen Bishop, piano. 7.30
T 6 Sept: BBC Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Walter Susskind. Soloists: Sheila Armstrong, soprano, Maureen Lehane, contralto, John Carol Case, baritone, Walter Susskind, piano. 7.30
W 7 Sept: BBC Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Soloist: Ida Haendel, violin. 7.30

RECITALS

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SW1. T 6 Sept: Gillian Weir, organ. 6.15
W 7 Sept: Military Band Concert. 12.30

ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, WC2. T 6 Sept: George Whitman, violin, Robert Wilson, piano. 1.5

HOLY SEPULCHRE, Holborn Viaduct, EC4. W 7 Sept: Christopher Scarf, organ. 1.15

ST STEPHEN, Walbrook. F 2 Sept: Dr Joanne Fraser, organ. 12.30

ST MARGARET, Lothbury. T 6 Sept: William Tubbs, organ. 1.0

ST MARY ABCHURCH, Cannon Street. W 7 Sept: Gillian Adams, organ. 12.30

BALLET

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). M 5-W 7 Sept: Swan Lake. Music: Tchaikovsky. Choreography: Ivanov & Petipa. Conductors: Yuri Gamaley, Victor Shirokov. The Leningrad State Kirov Ballet. 7.30

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Beatrix. Music: Adam/Horovitz. Choreography: Jack Carter. Conductor: Aubrey Bowman. London's Festival Ballet. Principals: John Gilpin, Dianne Richards, Jorge Salavisa, André Prokovsky, Carmen Mathé, Alan Dubrauil, Margot Miklosy, Carol Yule. 7.45. Sat: 4.30, 8.0

RECORDS

Verdi: Requiem (RCA Victor. Stereo: SER 5537-8). This performance will certainly collect innumerable admirers. Though Verdi's operatic treatment of the *Messa da Requiem* is now accepted as an expression of true faith – a man speaking in the language he knows, and thus being completely true to himself – there are still a number of people who find the nervous dramatic approach of Toscanini and, these days, Guilini, slightly too much. Here, Eric Leinsdorf conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra and takes a much less fiery view. It is poised, slightly measured and very liturgical. This is far from being gloomy, however, and Leinsdorf doesn't miss a dynamic trick: the central section of the *Sanctus*, for example, is marvellously contrasted in its peaceful interweaving of voices, with the pace and rushing brass of the outer sections. The explosions of the *Dies Irae* and the build-up for the *Tuba Mirum* are appropriately shattering. Of the soloists, only Lili Chookasian (the mezzo) seems to have the measure of the music. Birgit Nilsson, theoretically a natural for the soprano line, seems uneasy and sometimes under strain. But no one actually lets down the superb quality of this set

This record, along with others reviewed recently, was played on the **Braun Audio** 2 unit. While undeniably powerful, this particular set-up is probably ideal for the average-sized room in a house or flat, having the great advantage of giving out clear, undistorted reproduction, when playing softly in the early hours of the morning

It has, too, visual elegance. The Audio 2 consists of a long, pale-grey box with a plexi-glass cover revealing the control knobs, turntable and metal arm. This instrument is simply a stereo control unit and has no built-in loudspeakers. This means that it can be placed anywhere in the room, without disrupting the furniture or clashing with the décor (it can in fact be hidden, if necessary). The important things are the loudspeakers. I used two of the small L300 type placed at either end of a window ledge

The virtue of stereophony is not really directional, but in the space and presence it gives to sound. This equipment produces this sort of bloom ideally; rather than being conscious that she is *there* and *he* is there, one is aware of two totally separate voices in space. Broadcasts are received well, the stereo broadcasts of the promenade concerts came over tremendously

(Prices: Audio 2; £227. Speakers: £35 each)

The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra (Decca: PFS 4104) is more, of course, than a mere demonstration of the use of instruments. In the concert hall Britten's orchestration of the various variations is continually arresting, and the whole thing blows up into a tremendous fugue. There have been a number of versions of this work, and as far as I'm concerned, this one wins hands down from the performance point of view. I am less happy about the choice of Sean Connery as the narrator. He has a highly unendearing vocal manner and more of a touch of *de haut en bas* as if J Bond finds the whole thing too dreary. The coupling is *Peter and the Wolf*; with a story to tell, Connery's manner is a little more acceptable; the music is again re-created with sparkle and depth.

roger baker

BALLET

If nothing else, Jack Carter's new *Swan Lake* for London's Festival Ballet, at the Royal Festival Hall, is an honest attempt to find some solution to that ever-present bogey, the "perfect" production. For a start, he has gone straight to Tchaikovsky's music, and one would think this the most sensible thing to do, because he follows the Master's original score and scenario (near enough, anyway) of the first disastrous Maryinsky production of 1877. This means that, for once, the music's key-signatures follow naturally, giving the whole work its full lyrical-dramatic quality.

Almost every trick in the choreographic cookbook has gone into the stewpot, including an owl that swoops across the back of the stage prior to Rothbart's entrance, "cold ice" mist for the White Acts, metallic "thunder" for Odette's transformation (using a modified version of the *Scene moderato* music, *No. 19*), and "throws" *à la Spring Waters*.

Odile is now danced by a second ballerina, her confrontation with Odette at the end of the Ball Act occupying less than a minute, which hardly justifies the novelty. If Carter had honoured Tchaikovsky's plan of having the guests arrive wearing masks, this would have made it possible to retain a single dancer for the dual-role, using a second dancer for the confrontation.

Odile and Odette

As Odile is dressed identically to Odette, there is no Black Swan *pas de deux* in Act III (both Royal Ballet versions cut 16 bars of this, but Carter doesn't use the music at all). We are also deprived of the well-known Waltz in Act I (which is *No. 3* of the original 1875-76 score, and the one the Helpmann production uses, minus 72 bars, as a *pas de douze*). The Dance of the Cygnets (yes, it's still with us) now follows Odette's solo, instead of preceding it, and five girls dance the Venetian Dance, as opposed to the Royal Ballet's duo.

Other vagrancies include anything from 16 to 20 *fouettés* in Act III; White Swans flooding on to the stage at the end of the Ball Act; five Princesses from Hungary, Spain, Italy, Russia and Poland accompanying their respective groups – and these, with Odile, forming the superb *Grand Pas de Fiancées* (comprising an *entrée*, six *variations* and a *coda*). These are just a few of the obvious differences in a production full of novelty and excitement, if little sophistication.

ian woodward

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GOOD EATING

Elizabeth Ayrton, the food and cookery writer, is consultant and food guide to a new English restaurant scheduled to open in London around October. This marks something of a triumphant climax to the career of tall but chubby 35-year-old restaurateur Joseph Berkmann, whose organisation already runs the Genevieve, Minotaur and L'Opéra.

Tyrol-born Berkmann came to London about 10 years ago, intending to travel hence to Cairo and the Nile Hilton – he was careering as a would-be organisation man in Hilton's Istanbul operation. But, he says candidly, "the feelings against the Egyptians that the Suez crisis developed in England carried me along, and I stuck here."

He had gone into the hotel business after the war: "I spoke French and English – what would you do, in Austria, then?" Starting in Vienna, he moved to Switzerland, working his way through the hotel school in Lausanne for a five-month spell at the end of each season. Later experiences included being room head waiter in a hotel in Libya – "a God-forsaken country" – on board the Holland-American Line, and finally with Hilton. "My original plan was to become an organisation man in the Hilton group, but I found my character didn't fit it."

Took to owning

In London he opened the Petit Montmartre, Marylebone Lane, and after seeing how much money a restaurant could make, gave up managing and took to owning. Soon Martin, who now runs Genevieve, a slick, recommendable French restaurant in Thayer Street, W1, and Enver of L'Opéra in Great Queen Street, joined him from Istanbul, where they had first all met and discussed ambitions.

Berkmann's English restaurant in fact already exists, but it is still very much at planning stage: the Marsham Court Restaurant, in that Cabinet-Minister-inhabited Westminster block of flats, is now his, and when decorations are completed – rich and Regency style; English without being Tudor oak beams – it will be renamed *Lockets*.

Stays in London

Joseph Berkmann, who says that he stays in London rather than expanding in, say, his native Vienna, because the only bank manager he knows is a Londoner, has a thing about Blenheim Palace, and the whole Marlborough atmosphere. The sort of passion that Englishmen may feel but rarely admit to. *Lockets*, I gather, was *the* restaurant in London when the great and original Duke of Marlborough held sway. People came there to eat to show their friends what they could afford. *Lockets* became a synonym for luxurious living.

Prices in the new *Lockets* will be 1966-style, Berkmann assures me, and though I sampled dinner there recently at a time when the menu is being changed every few weeks according to what works and what doesn't, there were good omens in the haddock and *chervil mousse*, and in the braised tongue in Madeira sauce.

arthur pottersman

LONDON CHOICE

BARON OF BEEF, English, Gutter Lane, Gresham Street, EC2 (MON 6961). Mon-Fri 12-3, 5-9.30 (last orders, but licensed to 11). Average bill for two £5 plus. No credit cards, but private accounts arranged

BLOOMS, Kosher, 90 Whitechapel High Street, E1 (Bis 6001), and Golder's Green Road, NW11 (SPE 1338). Mon-Thurs 11 am-10 pm, Fri 1 am-3 pm. Sun 11 am-11.30 pm. Average bill for two 35s. No credit cards

CAPRICE, French, Arlington Street, W1 (HYD 3183, 5154). Mon-Sat 12.30-3, 6.30 onwards (last orders 11.45). Average bill for two £5 10s. CREDIT CARDS: *Eurocard*

COLOMBINA D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 4150, 6 75). Every day from 12-3 and 6 (Sun 6.30)-11.30. Average bill for two £4. No credit cards

RULE'S, English, Maiden L e, WC2 (TEM 5314). Mon-Sat 12 5-3 and 6-11.20 (Sat 11), last o rs 10.30. The steak & kidney p is justly famous. Bill for two, om £2 to £4. No credit cards

RITZ, English, Piccadilly, W (HYD 8181). Open every da fo lunch 12.45-3, and dinner 6. 11. Conventional *haute cuisine* it some hefty portions of sm ed salmon. Around £6 for two. DI CARDS: *Eurocard*

SCOTT'S, 18-20 Coventry S eet, W1 (GER 7175). Dinner 6-11 The fish dishes are probably est. Wines from 20s. CREDIT C DS: *Diners, American Express*

TOP OF THE TOWER, E ish, Post Office Tower, Maple eet, W1 (MUS 3000). Open ever day 12.15-2.30 (last orders), and 1.15 (last orders). The food is firs ass. About £4 a head. CREDIT DS: *Diners, American Express, ro-card*

WHEELERS, French, 19 Old Compton Street, W1 (GER 611). Fish only. Mon-Sat 12.30-2 , 6-10.45. Oyster bar 11.30-3, 0-11. Average bill for two sho be rated from £3-£5. CREDIT RDS: *Diners;* also their own acco s

AROUND TOWN

VEERASWAMY'S, 99-101 Regent Street, W1 (REG 1401). Open every day from 12 to 3 and 6 to 12 (Sundays only 7 to 10.30 pm). The Raj stops here, I exclaimed on entering (door is in Swallow Street; don't ask me why the address is Regent Street). It was a dark and rainy night, and the mighty Sikh at the entrance saluted us and cried: "Good evening, sir. No, good day, sir." At ease, I said, and ascended to the first floor, where more turbanned gentlemen took coats and led us to a table. You will perhaps be more comfortable here than at any other Indian restaurant in town. Recline upon the armchairs, noting first the royal cypher upon each back: VR.

More English and Americans come here than in some Indian restaurants of similar quality. This may mean no more than that the semi-military manner of Veeraswamy's no longer appeals to the descendants of moguls and their subjects. Waiters have name-tabs on their tunics, and the major-domo – I can hardly bring myself to call him *maitre d'hôtel* – scurries around to ask each party if they are enjoying their curries. On the whole, what with the splendid array of condiments and all, I would say this is the Indian restaurant in town I have enjoyed best. The menu seems to contain all the well-known items, so I list none in particular. Tea is served. Extra mark for the little dishes of what can only be breath-sweeteners that stand on every table. They have a wine list, but I never take any notice of that, preferring lager, which is normally very cold, to light ale, which is not. Bill for two will probably edge towards the £3 10s mark. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express, Eurocard*

WHITE HOUSE, Albany Street, NW1 (EUS 1200). Open Monday to Saturday from 12.30 to 3 and from 6.30 to 11.30. In this wasteland between Charlotte Street and Hampstead Village the White House stands out, physically and gastronomically. The food is very good indeed; they make efforts, I have noted, to supply slightly unusual vegetables (eg *mange-tous*) as soon as the season is right. Among sampled dishes, for instance: *escalope André Simon*, which speaks for itself, but is originally farci, sauced, and excellent. Wine list is good; so is the wine service. For a swish restaurant, where you can expect to pay around £6 for two, and then a bit, the sign is really a bit off. Décor ma be a matter of taste. Too mu togetherness is not. In fact, yo only get real privacy at the tab for four in the centre of the re aur-ant. Other tables, mostly fo two, are all round the walls, rath too wide (they need to be with a that food) for whispered conversations, rather too neighbourly for confidential exchanges. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

PASTORIA, St Martin's Street, WC2 (WHI 8641). Open Monday to Saturday from 12.30 to 3 and 6.45 to 12 (last orders 11 pm). In some ways this is something of a businessman's pull-in: quiet, discreet, private. Certainly local businessmen appreciate it, and use it. Evening traffic, I am told, is often theatrical, which makes this a surprisingly fun place for that late-late meal. Food includes: sturdy *pâté maison*, 5s; *omelette pastoria* – with chopped mushrooms, 12s 6d; *foies de volaille Lyonnaise*, 13s 6d; *caneton bigarrade*, 21s; *rognons Turbigo*, 14s; haddock Monte Carlo, 14s 6d. *Compôtes* come at 3s 6d, *profiterolles* at 4s, *gâteau mille feuilles*, 3s. Quality? I repeat, businessman's pull-in. Probable bill for two: around £4. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

NIGHT OUT AND BEST BARS

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

ALLEGRO, Bury Street, St James's SW1 (WHI 6767). 8.30 pm-2.30 am. Cabaret 12.30 am. Dinner £2 7s 6d. Dancing to 3 bands. Cabaret. Until 3 Sept: Roger Whittaker

EDMUNDO ROS' CLUB, 177 Regent Street, W1 (REG 7675 & 2640). 8.30 pm-3 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. Cover charge 30s per head after 11 pm. Full *à la carte* menu, about £2 per head. Cabaret at 1 am: Lena Martell

EL MOROCCO, 15/16 Gerrard Street, W1 (REG 2931). 10 pm-3.30 am. Cabaret 1 am. No membership fee. Cover charge 10s 6d per head. Champagne £5. Wines from 25s

OMAR KHAYYAM, 50 Cannon Street, EC4 (CIT 2660 & 7363). Midday-3 pm; 6 pm-2 am. No membership fee. *A la carte* menu about £2 per head. Middle Eastern and Continental menu. Cabaret and belly dancing at 9.30 pm and midnight

SAVOY RESTAURANT, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4343). 8 pm-2 am. Carbaret at midnight. Dinner, dance and cabaret 52s 6d. Currently: Ian Stewart and his Orchestra

THE SOCIETY, 40 Jermyn Street, SW1 (REG 0565). Zodiac bar opens 5.30 pm. Restaurant open 7.30 pm-3.30 am. Evening for two with wine about £5 10s. Cabaret at midnight. Until 3 Sept: Lisa Shane

TALK OF THE TOWN, Hippodrome Corner, Leicester Square, WC2 (REG 5051). Theatre restaurant open 8.15 pm-1.15 am. Three-course dinner, dancing and show, 59s 6d (Mon-Fri); 65s (Sat). Cabaret 11 pm: The Seekers

DINNER & DANCE

BEACHCOMBER, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777). 5.30 pm-1.30 am. Minimum restaurant charge 30s per head. Dinner 6.30 pm-midnight, average £2-£2 10s per head. Three bands 8 pm-1.30 am

CANDLELIGHT CLUB, 3 Green Street, Grosvenor Square, W1 (GRO 5753). Mon-Fri 8.30 pm-4 am. Sun 8.30 pm-3.30 am. Closed Saturdays. Dinner *à la carte* only: as many courses as you wish 79s 6d. Dancing. Discothèque

GATTOPARDO, 29a James Street, W1 (WEL 4689). 7 pm-3 am dinner approximately 50s per head. Closed Sundays. Dancing till 3 am to Frank Holder's music

LA PALOMA, 103 Westbourne Grove, W2 (BAY 1910). 8 pm-midnight. Closed Mondays. Entrance fees 3s 6d (weekdays), 8s 6d (weekends). Dinner approximately 15s per head. Dancing to discothèque and groups. Blackjack and boule 2s 6d-£5

ROOF RESTAURANT, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). Roof bar. Restaurant: 12.30-3 pm; 7 pm-1 am (closed Sundays). *A la carte* only £3-£4 per head including wine. French cuisine

71 CLUB, 71 Compayne Gardens, NW6 (MAI 6849). 7.30 pm-1 am. Entrance fee 10s. Snacks cost up to £1. Dancing to resident trio and discs. Gaming 8 pm-1 am, stakes from 2s 6d

DISCOTHEQUES

BLAISE'S, 121 Queen's Gate, SW7 (KEN 6228). Restaurant reservations (KEN 9971). 9 pm-2.30 am. Membership 2 guineas. *A la carte* menu about £1 per head

DOLLY'S, 57 Jermyn Street, SW1 (GRO 5927). 10.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sundays. Annual membership 5 guineas. Cover charge 25s which includes first drink. Steaks and spare ribs

EMMA'S (at the Yard Arm), River Thames, WC2 (TRA 3011). 10 pm-3 am. Annual membership 5 guineas. Cover charge 21s per head which includes first drink. Meals approximately 30s per head. Restaurant open till midnight

FANNY'S BISTRO, 51 Maddox Street, W1 (MAY 6214). 7.30 pm-3 am. No membership. Cover charge 2s 6d. Minimum charge 21s which can include light supper dish and 4 drinks. *A la carte* menu

THE IN-PLACE, 2 Allsop Place, NW1 (HUN 1873). 9 pm-4 am. Licensed till 2.30 am. Annual membership 3 guineas. Entrance varies from 5s-£1

THE 'PHONE BOOTH, 2 Allsop Place, NW1 (HUN 2989). Licensed bar 6 pm-2.30 am. Restaurant 8.30 pm-3 am. Membership 21s for three months. Gaming

SCOTCH OF ST JAMES'S, 13 Mason's Yard, Duke Street, SW1 (TRA 6109). 10 pm-4 am. Annual membership 5 guineas. Entrance: free except on gala nights; all guests £1. Grills menu about £1 per head

SIBYLLA'S, 9 Swallow Street, W1 (REG 7447). 10.30 pm-4 am. Annual membership 7 guineas. Meals approximately 30s per head plus wine. Live group every night

GAMING

BLENHEIM, 4 Blenheim Street, W1 (HYD 2071). Midday-3 pm; 5.30 pm onwards. Bar closes at 11 pm. Membership compulsory 1 guinea. Mainly poker and a little blackjack, one table. Limits 2s 6d till midnight, 5s afterwards

COLONY SPORTING CLUB, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 1657). Lunch 12.30-3 pm. Gaming 5.30 pm till close of play. American roulette, blackjack, craps and Punto-Banco. Stakes vary. Licensed till 3 am

FIVE HUNDRED CLUB, 42 Albemarle Street, W1 (HYD 0287). Open 24 hours. French roulette, blackjack, chemin de fer, poker. Stakes vary from 2s 6d-£50. Racing facilities. Restaurant for inexpensive meals. Licensed till midnight

HAMILTON CLUB, 2 Hamilton Place, W1 (GRO 2591). Open all the time but bridge starts about 2 pm. Mainly bridge, but some poker. Maximum 10s. Restaurant

NEW CASANOVA, 52 Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 1463). Opens 10 pm. Backgammon, blackjack, roulette and chemin de fer. Craps table. Minimum stakes about 5s. Restaurant open till midnight

THE NIGHTINGALE, 28 Berkeley Square, W1 (GRO 1633). Midday-end of play (usually 6 am). Kalooki, bridge and stud poker. First-class cuisine in Ian's Room downstairs. Fully licensed till 3 am

PAIR OF SHOES, 21 Hertford Street, W1 (HYD 1801). Open 7.30 pm for dinner; gaming at 10 pm. London's original crap game, blackjack and roulette. Bar and restaurant for members only

THE SHERLOCK HOLMES, 10 Northumberland Street, WC2. WHI 2644. If you want to book for dinner at the Sherlock Holmes, be sure not to commit my mistake of phoning the wrong number . . . "Hallo, Sherlock Holmes?" "No, sorry, Mr Holmes is at present apprehending the Battersea Strangler. This is Dr Watson. May I be of assistance?" "Oh, well I seem to have the wrong number. An elementary mistake, my dear Watson." In fact, the Sherlock Holmes is a reconstruction of a section of the famous detective's living room at 22b Baker Street. Reputedly it attracts detectives from the nearby Yard. There are two bars and a Grill Room serving excellent lunches and dinner. A curio house which deserves a visit

THE WIDOW'S SON, 75 Devons Road, E3. EAS 1865. The Widow's Son stands among bomb sites and old warehouses, and its existence is imperilled by a road-widening project. It has Victorian décor, offers light snacks, and there's an old honky-tonk piano just begging to be played

THE SHIP, 228 Long Lane, SE1. HOP 4730. "We deserved a write-up long ago," said the manager, John Farrant, as we entered, and, after a while, we had to agree. The wood-panelled single bar, with an attempted division into saloon and public, swayed to the soulful sound of a jazz trio, and was packed with South Londoners. "People come for the music," said Mr Farrant. "We don't sell food or any special drinks, just live jazz entertainment"

THE LANDOR, Landor Road, SW9. BRI 4386. One of those so-termed "musical" pubs, with a pianist and drums on Saturday and Sunday evenings. It has four rambling bars, and a hotel restaurant open to non-residents. It is being completely redecorated and George David, the manager, assures me that it will be "suitably swish." At present it seems to perform no particular role and one would be very hard-put to assign it to any special category. It is, I suppose, semi-musical, semi-Victorian

OLD CHESTERFIELD, 1 Carrington Street, W1. The saloon bar attracts business and PR executives, with their assorted dolly secretaries. Lunchtime, packed, thanks to excellent service and an incredible range of snacks and sandwiches. The public bar has an equally varied cross-section of drinkers, from haulage men and bus crews, to weirdly-bearded, middle-aged gentlemen who sit outside and savour their beer in the sun

COCKTAIL TIME

THE SERPENTINE, Hyde Park. PAD 8784. Sad and dreary in wet, but magically enchanting when the sun shines. The barmen are dressed in the traditional livery of all Charles Forte employees, and are immune to the sun worshippers in bikinis or the cocktail drinkers in evening dress. On a hot day, it is only 10 minutes' bus ride from the stifling grime of Piccadilly Circus. On more depressing days, there is an indoor cocktail bar in the restaurant building

WESTON'S CIDER STORE, Woodfield Place, W9. CUN 2397. Weston's claims to be the only extant cider-house in London. It sells no beer, and devotes itself entirely to wines and Herefordshire ciders, at 1s 6d or 1s 7d a pint

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THE CHARM OF RICHMOND

Richmond offers a unique combination of London living and almost rural refuge from the urban hurly-burly. The district has history, charm and character, and stubbornly remains outside the semi-detached suburban mould. The choice of properties there has ranged from the period houses of Richmond Green to rambling Victorian houses, while, in recent years, developers have found a keen demand for modern flats. But there has been a dearth of modern town houses for the executive who works in London. An exclusive new development near Richmond Park should remedy that situation.

East Sheen Lodge consists of nine architect-designed houses. They stand within 300 yards of the Sheen Gate of Richmond Park, one of the most sought-after positions in the area. The main shopping centre, bus routes and Mortlake station are all within easy walking distance. There is a fast direct 20-minute service to Waterloo from Mortlake.

The three-storey houses have four bedrooms, two bathrooms, first-floor drawing room, dining room, study, utility room and central heating. Price: £12,750 freehold. The agents are Sturgis & Son, Parkway House, Sheen Lane, East Sheen (PROspect 8881).

Cazalet sells up

Three attractive historic houses in the Green Belt area are currently on the market. Mr Peter Cazalet, who trains the Queen Mother's racehorses, is selling his period farmhouse, "Great Budds," Shipbourne, near Hildenborough, Kent. "Great Budds" is about 200 years old and is built of brick with a tiled roof. The interior has fine exposed beams, carved wall panels and old elm floorboards. The house has three reception rooms, six bedrooms and an integral garage. The outbuildings include another large garage, a fine old barn, loose boxes and a boarded and tiled barn.

The grounds include a small garden, an area of pasture land or paddock and a belt of woodland, totalling about five and a half acres. The joint agents are Knight, Frank & Rutley and Parsons, Welch & Cowell, 129 High Street, Sevenoaks. They are asking £14,000 freehold.

doreen king

NEW THINGS

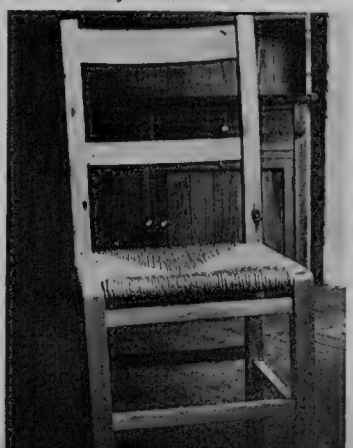
New from America: This week Harrison Gibson, the Ilford department store, open their exhibition of new American furniture at the American Trade Centre, 57 St James's Street, SW1. For some years Harrison Gibson have made a speciality of importing the best of American furniture, otherwise unobtainable in this country. American designers, whether adapting from traditional designs, or producing contemporary furniture, have a way of disregarding precedent, of using new fabrics and new materials in enterprising ways. The workmanship is so good that an American easy chair, for instance, is as comfortable as you can get, and built to stay comfortable for a lifetime. And virtually all American soft-covers are either spongeable, or zippable for cleaning. Photogra[ph] above is part of a room setting designed by *London Li[fe]* the exhibition. The furniture itself is all by the America[n] of Sprague and Carlton: the Captain's chairs are 25 gu[ineas] each, the Ensign's chairs 16 guineas, the expandable [table] 112 guineas, and the sideboard, adapted from a trad[itional] design, 129 guineas. The Early American prints on the [walls] are 10 guineas or £6 9s 6d each, depending on size. The [brass] table-lamp and shade, 18 guineas; brass and glass [table]-lamp, 24 guineas. Carpet, plain, cream and thick, is Cross[ley]'s Swansdown, 78s a square yard. The dinner-service in [white] and blue costs just over £44 for 31 pieces.

New-looking, useful things for the kitchen: A white china salad bowl at 12s 11d; behind it red and white flour and sugar dredgers 5s 9d each. The china salt and pepper cruet set is 5s 6d and the orangy red Le Creusot terrine is 43s 6d from The Merchant Chandler, 72 New King's Road, SW6.

New for butter: New copy of old (Victorian) cow-shaped butter-dish in blue and white 27s 6d, from Country Kitchenware, 56 Chiltern Street, W1.

New for neat men: A button-down tie (below) by Tootal. Available in a range of 18 patterns and a variety of fabrics, it is designed to button on to shirt-buttons after it's been tied. About 10s 6d.

New chair: Made in Corfu but assembled over here by Lord Roberts' Workshops. In pine (below), £6 10s, from Country Kitchenware.



New, old-style cast-iron omelette pans (below) in three sizes, ranging from 21s to 32s 6d for the giant size. They must be kept well greased and should never be washed in water. From The Merchant Chandler.

DAY OUT

EXHIBITIONS

GUILDHALL, EC2. 1666 and Other London Fires. Paintings, drawings, prints illustrating the Great Fire of London, its suppression and aftermath, and later memorable fires culminating in the Blitz. Until 16 Sept: M-Sat 10-5

NORTH DRIVE, Battersea Park. "Ecce Homo" by Jacob Epstein. This great stone statue 10 ft. high and weighing 9 tons is on temporary loan by its owner, Canon Mortlock, pending a permanent site in the City

ARNHEM GALLERY, Fairfield Hall, Croydon. Crime Prevention Exhibition. Includes examples of the most modern methods displayed by the Metropolitan Police Force. F 2 & Sat 3 Sept: 10 am-10 pm

JAPAN INFORMATION CENTRE, 9 Grosvenor Square, W1. Castles of Japan. Photographs of fortresses from early 17th century, by Munekazu Inoue. Until 30 Sept: M-F 10-5.30

DESIGN CENTRE, 28 Haymarket, W1. Swedish Industrial Design. Special exhibition showing the work of Swedish designers in various products from compression drills to cutlery. Until 17 Sept: M-Sat 9.30-5.30, W & Th 9.30-9.0

ROYAL EXCHANGE. Spirit of London River. Annual exhibition of paintings by the Wapping Group of Artists. Founded in 1946. Most of the group are professional artists, and all pictures on show must have some connection with the lower reaches of the Thames. Until 22 Sept: M-Sat 10-4

OLYMPIA. World's Food & Wine festival. There will be a grandiose display of wines and spirits including Canadian wines and, for the first time, Austrian vermouths. Until 17 Sept: M-Sat 10-9. Admission 3s 6d, children 2s

PLACES OF INTEREST

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SW1. The Changing of the Guard takes place daily at 11.30. The Royal Mews is open to the public every Wednesday and Thursday. Admission, from 2 pm-4 pm. Adults 2s 6d, Children 1s. Tube: Green Park, St James's Park, Victoria

BATTERSEA PARK. Between Chelsea and Albert Bridges, south of the Thames. Running track, boating lake and tennis courts, pleasure gardens and fun fair, Concert Pavilion, roller rink, miniature railway. Admission to fun fair 6d. Nearest railway station: Battersea Park

BILLINGSGATE FISH MARKET, Lower Thames Street, EC3, from 17th century has been London's principal fish market. Open 5 am. Tube: Monument

CARLYLE'S HOUSE, 24 Cheyne Row, SW3. The home of Thomas Carlyle from 1834 until his death in 1881, the house remains almost unaltered. Daily 10 am-1 pm, 2 pm-6 pm or dusk. Sun: 2 pm-6 pm or dusk. Closed Tuesdays. Tube: South Kensington

LONDON PLANETARIUM, Marylebone Road, NW1. Guided tour of the sky at night, past, present and future. Every hour. M-Sat 11 am to 6.30 pm. Sun 1.45 pm-6.30 pm. Admission 4s 6d, children 2s 6d. Tube: Baker Street

SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL
First Division
Fulham v Sheffield United. Craven Cottage. Sat, 3 pm. (District Line to Putney Bridge then riverside walk)
Tottenham Hotspur v Arsenal. White Hart Lane. Sat, 3 pm. (Trains from Liverpool Street to White Hart Lane)
West Ham v Liverpool. Upton Park. Sat, 3 pm. (District Line to Upton Park)
Second Division
Crystal Palace v Bolton Wanderers. Selhurst Park. Sat, 3 pm. (Train from Victoria to Thornton Heath)
Millwall v Northampton. The Den. Sat, 3.15 pm. (Metropolitan Line to New Cross Gate)
Third Division
Queen's Park Rangers v Swindon Town. Loftus Road. Sat, 3.15 pm. (Central Line or Metropolitan Line to Shepherds Bush then short walk)
FLAT RACING
Sandown Park. Sat. (Trains from Waterloo to Esher, station adjourns course. By road A3 London-Portsmouth Road)
Newbury. Fri. (Trains from Paddington. By road A4 or M4 from London)
STEEPLECHASING
Fontwell Park. Tues. (Trains from London Bridge or Victoria to Barnham Station)
CRICKET
Finals of Gillette Cup. Sat, Mon, Tues. Lord's. 10.45 am-7.30 pm. (Bakerloo Line to St John's Wood)
SPEEDWAY
European Final of World Speedway Championship, Sat. Wembley. 7.15 pm. (Bakerloo Line to Wembley).

LONDON AT LUNCH

THURSDAY 1 SEPTEMBER
Band of the Irish Guards. St Paul's Cathedral Steps. 12.0
Play: *The Constant Lover* by St John Hankin. Theatrescope, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane. 5s with snacks. 12.15 & 1.15 (also F)
Play: *The Laboratory* by David Campton. Quipu, Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street. 5s. 12.15 & 1.15 (also F)
FRIDAY 2 SEPTEMBER
Band of the Royal Air Force. Paternoster Square, St Paul's Cathedral. 12.0
Lecture: Materials and their use – minerals: metals and jewels, Elizabeth Murdoch. Victoria & Albert Museum. 1.15
Records of Music by Copeland, Beethoven. Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct. 1.15
MONDAY 5 SEPTEMBER
Plays: *The Stranger* by Strindberg and *The Sandbox* by Albee. Quipu, Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street. 5s. 12.15 & 1.15 (also T & W)
Play: *Festival of Bacchus* by Schnitzler. Theatrescope, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane. 5s with snacks. 12.15 & 1.15 (also T & W)
Recital: Richard Popplewell, organ. St Michael, Cornhill. 1.0
TUESDAY 6 SEPTEMBER
Band of the Royal Tank Regiment. Paternoster Square, St Paul's Cathedral. 12.0
Lecture: Sutherland and Bacon, Mary Chamot. Tate Gallery. 1.0
Singers' Workshop. St Katherine Cree, Leadenhall Street. 1.5
WEDNESDAY 7 SEPTEMBER
Metropolitan Police Band. Finsbury Circus Gardens. 12.0
Military Band Concert. College Garden, Westminster Abbey. 12.30
Lecture: Baroque – the Low Countries, Madeleine Mainstone. Victoria & Albert Museum. 1.15

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London Letters

Road safety for children

Have you made certain that your children will arrive safely at school and return home safe and sound? With the approach of winter, the darker evenings and the ever-increasing traffic, children will have to be more than ever aware of road dangers.

Parents should spare a few minutes each morning to remind their children of the five points in kerb drill, to look out at dangerous spots and not to play in the streets. If they make this contribution the cause of road safety will be greatly helped. **Coco The Clown, Kensington Olympia, W14.**

Stooping pirates

I was astounded when I heard recently a pop song put out by one of the pirate radio stations actually singing about their future, pleading for their continuation – and it was an obvious crib on another pop song. Do the pirate stations have to stoop to this to keep going? **Tim Harrison, Campden Hill Road, W8.**

Bravo, Vanessa

Usually I go to the theatre and find it very hard to sit through the performance; somehow I find I am always thinking about other things. But last night it was different. When I went to see Vanessa Redgrave in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, it was a new experience for me. Her performance was wonderful. **Burl Ives, Carlton Tower, SW1.**

Quite something

For the première of *Kaleidoscope*, we read in *London Life*, "no dinner jackets are to be worn, only mini-skirts or trousers." If this is true, the première should be a sensation! **John Shimwell, Pinfold Road, Streatham, SW16.**

Biba's

In Sarah Drummond's Talking Fashion (20 August) it was said that I decorated the interior of Biba's. It was Juli Hodgess who designed the wallpapers for all three Biba's shops and very admirable they are too. **Anthony Little, Holland Park, W11.**

Canned music

Having just returned from the sun drenched discothèque of the South of France, I would like to make an appeal to our London discothèque owners. Why not mix the music, fellas? By all means have your raving records, but there *are* those among your audience who are not exactly averse to holding a girl in their arms for five minutes or so. My plea is for minutes or so. **Peter Murray, Montague Mansions, W1.**

Pay freeze

For the first time for a long time the number of unemployed has exceeded the number of vacancies on the books of the Ministry of Labour; this is caused by the present pay freeze as we all know, but how much longer can this be maintained before the bubble bursts? **M Russell, Broughton Avenue, N3.**

She went thataway

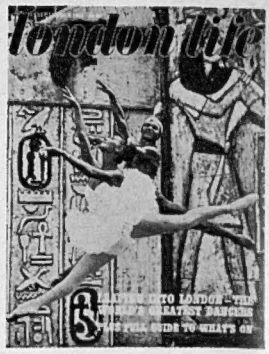
Nowadays you never know where a London bus is going to sweep you off to – and at an alarming rate. Last night I arrived at a bus stop which said that all buses would take me to Aldwych and Charing Cross, so I jumped on the first bus that came. It went across the river and took me a completely different way. When I eventually got back to the starting point, and my car, I found I had a parking ticket. **Jean Lewis, Sydney Street, SW3.**

About Mr Barnett

I have rather fallen for Jo Barnett in his office in Frying Pan Alley (*London Life*, 20 August). I feel he is not so ugly as he would have us believe. But you do not say what Mr Barnett does. My husband is convinced he is either a painter or sculptor, but I think he is a business consultant. And where is Frying Pan Alley? Is it a real place? **Eileen Moreton, Formosa Street, W9.**

Jo Barnett writes: "I am, when not weeping over the Arsenal, a smoker of salmon. Curses, imprecations and murrains fall upon the head of Stephen Goldblatt (on camera) who succeeded where Heaven and several plastic surgeons have failed, in making me look pretty."

NB. Frying Pan Alley is off Middlesex Street, E1.



"The Bolshoi is a national show place . . . away in Leningrad, one can cultivate a certain sophistication." The speaker: Rudolf Nureyev, the most famous ex-member of the Leningrad State Kirov Ballet now at Covent Garden. With superb action photographs and accompanying article, the visit of this company – the cradle of Western ballet as we know it – is commemorate in

london life

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK
Sheila Scott, the elegant ex-actress who broke all records for her solo flight around the world, has sensational plans for her next feat. They are revealed in

london life

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK
Susannah York, one of the coolest of the young English blondes, hits the scene when her splendidly swinging film *Kaleidoscope* is shown. She stars with Warren Beatty. Great colour shots of the picture and an interview with Miss York while she was on location in Monte Carlo are in

london life

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK
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pages of precious holiday snaps that make you wish you really had been there; hi-jinx on the Stock Exchange; the real story of the Great Fire of London and Jessie Matthews reveals the London where her heart is

PLUS PLUS PLUS
the full guide to what's on; complete run-down on all the films, plays, art galleries, off-beat events that will lift a cloudy Sunday or a broody Monday afternoon into the realms of memory

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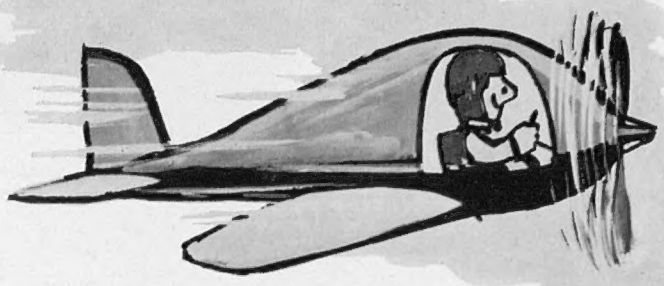
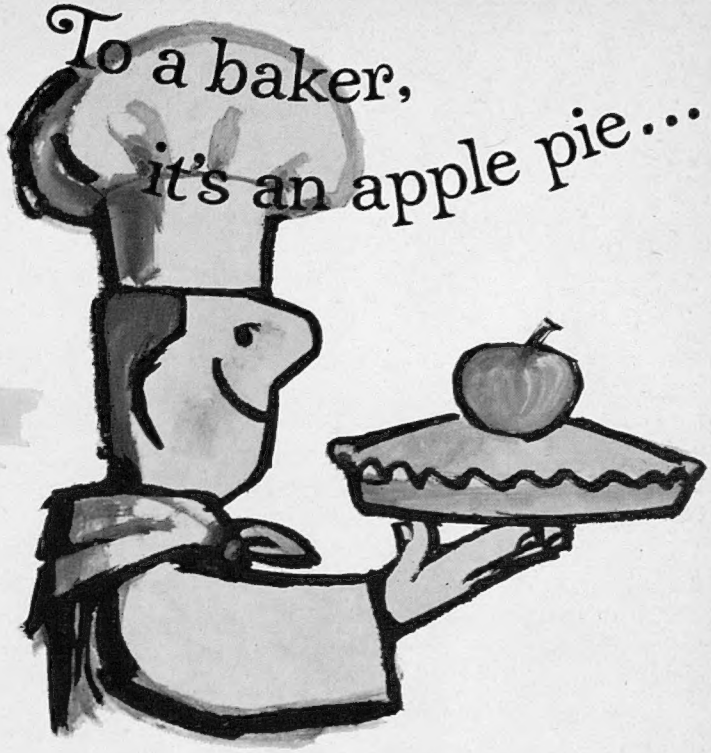
To a flyer,
it's a clear blue sky...



To a baker,
it's an apple pie...



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